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Looking Forward

"A POLICEMAN'S LOT is not a happy one," wrote W. S. Gilbert in the old days at the Savoy Theatre in London. And, to judge from all appearances, it hasn't been much improved by the introduction of the automobiles and machine guns and bootleg gangsters of Prohibition's new underworld.

FOR THE POLICEMAN is only ourselves in uniform—and he is human. His job is dangerous at best. So what the law won't give him to assist him in his task, he takes. And if, owing to our criminal legal procedure, evidence is difficult to secure after a defendant gets to court, the policeman naturally tries to secure it beforehand—in plain words, by threats of personal violence and the use of such weapons as lengths of hard rubber hose, brutally applied. Whether or not the arrested man is guilty or totally innocent, he first makes his prisoner "talk."

This is the "Third Degree."

IT REQUIRES little reflection, in our present plight—with a growing criminal class nurtured by a profitable illicit trade—to see what tyranny to the ordinary citizen can flow from its indiscriminate and increasing use. And yet a clear understanding of the whole problem our police face makes clear why it threatens increasingly to become firmly imbedded in our system, despite the fact that it has few friends and many enemies.

IT IS NOT ENOUGH, in fact, at this moment, to disown it, or deny it, or reprimand our already harassed police lieutenants for using it, unless at the same time some remedy is given that will render its employment actually unnecessary.

FOR, MEANTIME, the police officer is between the devil and the deep sea. On the one hand, those who criticize him for not getting sufficient evidence to convict the criminals he catches; and on the other, those who consider barbarous and intolerable the methods he uses to secure that evidence.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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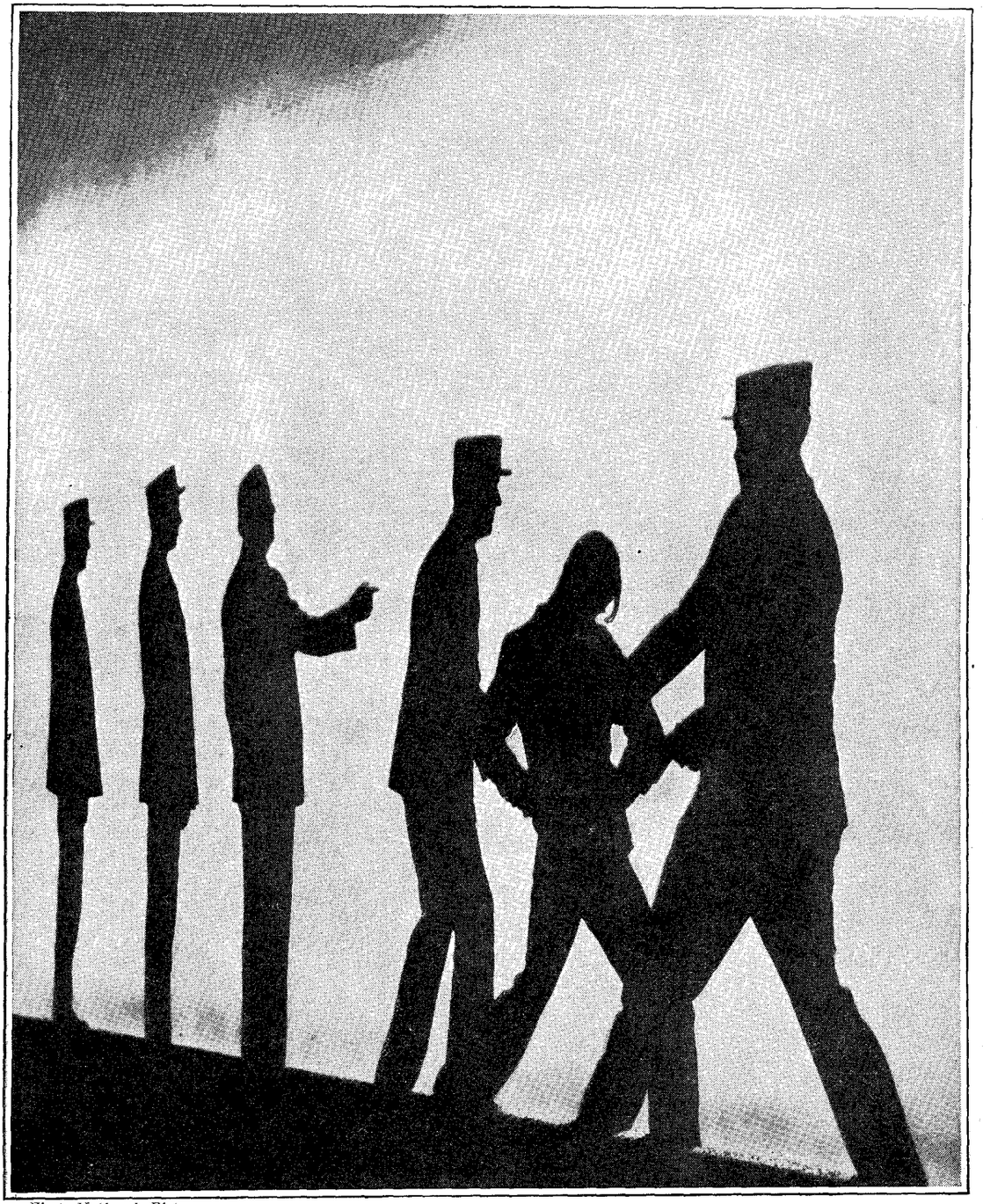

First National Pictures

THIRD DEGREE

The law of the nightstick

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April 3, 1929

Third Degree

Another Side of Our Crime Problem

By CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

In his Inaugural Address, Mr. Hoover declared that the increase of crime is "the most malign" of all dangers confronting this country. Here is an aspect of the situation that cannot be overlooked in the attempt to find a remedy which, again quoting the President, "is the most sore necessity of our times." The author, a new contributor, is a newspaper man

IN THE old days they called it the "third degree," but now it is known by what it really is—"police brutality." But although the intellectual appraisal has undergone a humanizing change, the process itself has not. Still they beat up prisoners in police stations to force from them confessions of crimes; still they hammer these defenseless wretches with rubber hoses and blackjacks to simplify detective work. And if you don't believe it, go into any police station in any large city and see for yourself: go into the back rooms and basement and, if you are observant, you will note the short, knoutish length of rubber tubing that is the clandestine—but very popular—weapon of a lawless justice.

True, the public is not often, nowadays at least, treated to the spectacle that occurred a few years ago in a station house in New York City. On a quiet evening, there arose from within and audible to passers-by, a series of high-pitched yelps of pain. Then a shadow drove up behind the glass panel in the door, and the upper half of a man's body splintered through. "Help me!" cried the fellow. "They're killing me and I've done nothing."

Two shadows bulked behind him and he was dragged away, presumably to quarters where his voice would be less offensive to the neighborhood. You see, having a strong distrust of querulous investigators, the police have learned to be more discreet about such things. With anywhere from two to a dozen policeman to block a frantic escape, the pounding is generally administered in a room from which sounds will not easily carry. Certainly the use of the rubber hose is discreetness in itself. Unlike the blackjack, it leaves no marks when expertly used: it punishes horribly, yet it fails to raise bruises that might stultify the legality of the "voluntary confession."

It is incredibly vicious, this kind of police brutality. In its every aspect, it seems a more horrible grotesquerie of the Inquisition than something openly done in the Twentieth Century. And, even as the Inquisition failed, so the "third degree" falls miserably short of its only credibly respectable purpose; for every guilty person it traps, it harasses ten who may be innocent.

What is the purpose of the "third degree?" What function does it serve? In its most popular form, it is used to pound confessions to crimes which the detective is assumed to prove by the accumulation of evidence. Again, where the officer in charge deems it proper, it is simply used for its salutary effects. Whatever the compelling motive at hand, it is, for its purposes, violently effective. The most stubborn mind, in time, will "yes" a rubber hose, a detective's fist, deprivation of food, sleep, even the lavatory.

Apart from the sheer physical brutality it involves, which is repelling enough, the "third degree" possesses a property that is peculiarly revolting. It embodies not only the fact that the police, sworn to uphold the law, resort to lawlessness to enforce it. What is fundamentally vicious is that justice, whether from blindness or helplessness, should condone a practice that, in its every objective, compels a man—indeed, has done so for years—to condemn himself, under duress, even before he is allowed to obtain counsel; even before he is formally charged with the crime which he is hammered into confessing; and, finally, even before he is allowed an open, impartial trial.

WHY HASN'T something been done? As a matter of fact, the subject hasn't been neglected. Reformers have from time to time crusaded against it. There is scarcely an American city of respectable proportions, which is to say in the size of its population and the peak of its crime wave, which has not had its "police brutality" scandal in one form or another. In some cities, mayors and city governments have been ousted on the single issue by a scandalized electorate.

But the practice flourished because, first, stupid detectives found it the easy way to achieve the honor of obtaining convictions; second, it was a habit not discouraged by higher-ups who shared the same questionable glory, and, third, no one has yet devised a successful means of breaking it.

If you, by any chance, still cherish the illusion that the "third degree" is

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just the work of slothful detectives and that police officials in places of high responsibility have no knowledge of it, let me call your attention to a speech made by Grover A. Whalen, Police Commissioner of New York City. On the afternoon of January 18, speaking before the Brooklyn Real Estate Club, he boasted that the "third degree," though he did not mention it by name, had just been successfully used by his detectives. A policeman captured one of three suspected gunmen. He refused to talk.

"Well, the prisoner was deprived of most of his old clothes," the Commissioner said, "and placed in a cold room. A short time later he decided it would be a lot more comfortable to talk, and now we have all three in prison. We are going to give the toughs every opportunity of learning that New York, from now on, is the most unpleasant place in the world for the vicious lawbreaker."

Strange words, indeed, from one entrusted with the responsibility of setting a lawful example for six million citizens; but not so strange, really, when taken in line with the tactics he adopted as he took office. Arguing that he had studied law for many years and "nowhere in the law books" did he recall having seen "anything about the rights of criminals," he set the police to work rounding up criminals, habitual and reformed, young and old, by the hundreds. It mattered not that the courts soon brushed the accumulation into the streets again; that lawyers, judges and editorial writers lambasted this incredible high-handedness. The significant fact is that such intolerance, such vague knowledge of the Constitutional limitations of police power, gave rise to, and fomented, such evils as the "third degree."

IT IS NOT my intention to weep over criminals; nor am I one of those sentimentalists who would have a detective look upon a gangster as a poor fellow whose glands are out of kilter. I've seen too many hard-boiled detectives and clever criminals to hope for that. But this I do believe, and the facts on the point are clear; the preservation of the Constitutional provision of personal liberty—the perpetuation of the traditional open-minded inquiry—are more important than the conviction of any one criminal; and an indiscriminate use of force by the police fails in the long run, as a deterrent.

There stands Chicago, that unholy example of the negative in crime statistics. The "third degree" is one of the chief tenets of the policeman's religion there. Consider New York, too. Has the use of force bred respect for the law and the policeman's uniform in either of these two cities? During the first year of the reign of Commissioner George V. McLaughlin, reputed the sternest, hardest man that presided within the gold-domed building on Center Street for years, seven policemen were killed by gangsters—one fifth the number killed in the preceding ten.

And consider, lastly, the pathetic case of Luther Boddy.

BODDY has since died in the electric chair at Sing Sing. He was a negro bootblack. On the night of January 5, 1922, he shot to death Detectives Buckley and Miller as they led him to the West 135th Street Station for questioning in connection with the killing of a negro policeman. Literally on the doorstep of the station house, Boddy drew forth a gun he had concealed in the sleeve of his coat—a gun, incidentally, that he had "rented" for $2 a night—shot them both down and fled. Captured six days later in Philadelphia, he was returned to New York for trial.

Here is a fragment of his testimony, recounting the moments immediately preceding the shooting:

Q: "Did you see anything?"

A: "Yes, I did—green lights."

Q: "What lights?"

A: "The lights of the station house."

Q: "What happened then?"

A: "Everything suddenly went blurred. I reached for the gun. I wasn't worried about anything except getting beaten up again."

It was a pitiful story of police oppression of which Luther Boddy told, and competent, unbiased investigators verified it. Repeatedly he had been brought into this same station house, generally when he was neither under arrest nor charged with a crime, and pounded — slashed — with blackjacks and rubber hoses until his senses fled. The "shellacking," as it is generally termed, served, in his case, a dual purpose: if he had committed any one of a dozen unsolved crimes, his guilt presumably would be admitted; if he hadn't, well, the punishment would prevent him from contemplating another.

This case shows the cowardliness and ineffectuality of the "third degree," and here, at least, the price of learning was high. But the case of Robert Wiener, if it shows nothing more, demonstrates clearly the illegality of evidence obtained by oppression. For the law presupposes the innocence of a man until he is proved guilty, and while the police may not recognize that principle in all cases, the courts in theory do.

WIENER, a fish peddler, was convicted on March 17, 1927, of murdering Warden Peter Mallon and Keeper Murphy of Tombs Prison and conspiring in the delivery of three prisoners on November 3, 1926. The delivery failed, but the two officials were killed in frustrating it and the prisoners used their last bullets to kill themselves. Wiener, arrested a few hours after the battle, was alleged to have voluntarily confessed that he had not only smuggled the pistols to the prisoners, but that he had also waited outside in an automobile, ready to whisk them away once they forced their way out.

On the stand he told this story of the "voluntary" confession:

"I was brought down into the basement at Police Headquarters. Seven or eight policemen were there. They started kicking me all over. They pulled the hair out of my head and tried to stuff it into my mouth. They broke my nose.

"In the midst of it Detective Beck remarked that I had boasted in the neighborhood that I was once arrested, and taken to headquarters, and beaten for fifteen hours, and still didn't talk. When they heard that, they started to work on me all over again, and they did a thorough job of it.

"When I saw there was no way out, I talked. After the beatings I got, I'd tell them anything—that I even shot Lincoln."

It was a gruesome recital. Within the space of a few hours he received three beatings before the detectives were satisfied with the "confession." Wiener showed the jury and the court how the "system" worked; how he was hit in the small of the back where the wound wouldn't show; how he was kicked repeatedly in the belly; and he told of the older man who had criticized a younger officer for smashing him in the face, where it left a mark, by saying: "You ought to have more sense than to strike him there."

Still, on the strength of the "confession," the jury found him guilty and he was sentenced to die. An appeal

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was taken, and the Court of Appeals, on May 1, 1928, reversed the verdict in the following decision, written by Justice O'Brien:

"The defendant may be guilty of the crime charged in the indictment. He may have supplied the pistols with which the murder was committed. Suspicions against him in these respects are of the gravest character. But not a shred of proof, outside his voluntary confession, can be found in the record.

"That the defendant was assaulted and threatened between the time when he was seized and when he was brought to the District Attorney's office cannot be doubted. . . . Concluding as we must from the evidence that assaults and threats were made against the defendant, the impossibility of discovering any moving cause for this confession except assaults and threats seems apparent."

IT WOULD SEEM such a firm ruling, especially since it conceded the high probability of guilt, would at once discourage, or at least tend to discourage, the efforts of police to convict in this fashion. Unfortunately, the police were beyond logic, or else, perhaps, they just overlooked the decision.

For, not long afterwards, three boys, arraigned on charges of assault, accused three detectives of having taken them to the Sixty-seventh Street Station House, and of hammering them with blackjacks—even cruelly pressing the blade of a pen knife under the nails—until consciousness fled. So straightforward was their tale, so plain the horrible bruises on their bodies, that the Magistrate ignored their "voluntary" avowals of guilt and discharged them.

From Staten Island came one of the most moving stories of all. A Filipino, put on trial for the murder of a girl, told, through his attorney, George A. Medalie, of how his bosom was bared and lighted cigarette and cigar ends were pressed against the flesh. He was repeatedly hurled against a wall, clubbed for hours by detectives, he insisted, until he consented to sign a "satisfactory" confession.

That same year, too, the five slick-haired, sheikish members of the "Cry Baby" gang, specialists in cheap hold-ups, won their tabloid designation by accusing the detectives under Captain Harry Bruckman of the Bronx, of the same kind of torture. In the back room of the station house, they were separately battered until they fell prostrate on the floor, only to be propped nicely in chairs so that the punishment—the just, impartial pursuit of evidence—might not be stayed, however temporarily. The swift unfolding of this kind of detail so distressed a conscientious juror that he was constrained to rise, and cry out: "This is too revolting. I demand the right to be relieved of this trial," thereby causing a mistrial.

Truly, there is no lack of diversity in the samples that lie in the police torture bag. Not only was George Dobbs, falsely (as was later proved) charged with highway robbery, pounded steadily for forty-eight hours; he was deprived of food and water during the first twenty-four. In the case of Benjamin Mintz, the punishment, while not so protracted, was nevertheless more intense. Dr. Lichtenstein counted forty bruises on his body when he was removed to the Tombs after his "questioning" at Headquarters.

When surprise that he was able to absorb so much pain was expressed, Mintz, an alleged hold-up man, attributed it to the kindly offices of a police surgeon who stood over him, testing his pulse, while the detectives flayed him, solicitously guiding him within the thin boundaries of consciousness so that he might still comprehend—and answer—the questions flung at him, before and after each blow!

IT WAS the misfortune of Joseph Kraus to be picked up on suspicion of robbery. Hale and hearty, he was arraigned before Magistrate Doyle, ordered held on a short affidavit while the police gathered evidence, and returned to the Jamaica Station House. Kraus stands today acquitted even of suspicion of the crime; but a sightless left eye testifies to the temporary skepticism of the police. And, finally, there is the pathetic case of an Italian store keeper, also merely suspected of a crime, who was so horribly beaten that his attorney ripped open his shirt when he was brought to court, disclosing lacerations of such repellent aspect that Magistrate Corrigan covered his eyes, and cried: "Take him away."

These are but a few incidents culled from hundreds. In the library of the New York "World" are ten fat envelopes containing reports of this sort of thing alone. And there are hundreds of cases more, known to police reporters, which never reached public print. For these reporters, whose livelihood depends upon cordial relations with the police, found it wise to close their eyes and say nothing, even when they saw suspects cold on the floor in squad rooms just under the Commissioner's office; even when a high-placed official—since removed—built up a reputation for "getting his man" by taking the poor wretches into the cellar of the station house and pressing their bodies—if the threat itself didn't break them down—against the walls of the furnace.

Always, it seems, the purpose underlying the punishment is the same—to get a confession, whatever the means to that end; only the form changes—it swings up from the casual expedient of depriving a suspect of food and water, or sleep, to the most violent kind of force.

By no means have these cases been limited to New York and Chicago. Such scattered cities as San Francisco, Pittsburgh, New Orleans, Seattle, Denver, Indianapolis, to name a few, have all contributed their share. Nor are the offenses limited to the municipal police. Agents of the Department of Justice have been proved guilty of the same kind of barbarism. No, the "third degree" is not a localized perversion; it is rather a National endemic—a singular by-product of our folkway of lawlessness. Only a short time ago, while visiting a little mill town in Connecticut, seemingly effectively removed from urban viciousness, I was gravely assured by the town's venerable and austere lawyer that one of his clients had just been —the phrase is mine—"given the works."

"Why," I protested, "don't you do something about it?"

"That is easily said," he replied. "But what can I do about it? The police all stand together in such cases. It is the word of a suspected criminal against ten officers who will swear he fell down stairs. No," he added sadly, "little can be done about it."

THERE lies the real explanation of why the "third degree" has persisted in the face of all criticism. Straight across the path of any reform lies the presumed impregnability of the police. Piously they proclaim that they are engaged in crime prevention, and are using only the methods they have found most effective. When Commissioner Warren tried to break the habit in New York, the rank and file grumbled that his namby-pamby prohibitions were wrecking the morale of the force,

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putting the guilty beyond reach of the law. And when outsiders sought to interfere, as they have from time to time, motivated by the maltreatment of prisoners, they were courteously, but firmly, ushered out of Headquarters with the explanation that these prisoners "tried to escape," or—the most popular excuse nowadays,—"he fell down stairs."

USUALLY, these absurd explanations crush everything before them, but Judge Mulqueen, in 1919, had the courage to deflate them when three undersized boys, all less than twenty years of age, were brought before him on a charge of grand larceny. They were terribly bruised, so weak they could hardly stand. A detective, in response to Judge Mulqueen's question, insisted they had all fallen down stairs. The boys cried out that detectives had stood them in the middle of the squad room and wagered who could knock them the farthest with a single blow.

"When a man is taken to the police station in perfect health and several hours later is removed on a stretcher," the Judge declared, "something is decidedly wrong. If the explanation of the police that the prisoners' condition is caused by falling down the stairs is true, then the stairs certainly need fixing." True to his conscience, he discharged the prisoners but this particular stairway continued to produce multiple abrasions on prisoners while the officers who used it far more regularly and conceivably no more expertly invariably appeared in court unmarred.

Other jurists, fully aware of what was going on, have courageously tried to stem these abuses. In cases where the evidence justified it, they have ordered the arrest of policemen: again, they have commanded the Commissioners—as did Judge Nott, in 1913, after Francis Loonie had been pounded into confessing a crime he could not possibly have committed and then, hours later, was secretly hurried from the station to a hospital in an ambulance, an embarrassing necessity the desk sergeant saw fit to ignore in the blotter—to investigate cases and punish the officers responsible.

Yet, in 1914, and this during the tenure of Commissioner Arthur Woods, formerly a master at Groton, a man of high intelligence and social prestige, such high-handed lawlessness was so rampant that no less than eighty-seven policemen were brought up on charges of brutality and oppression. Power—the law of the nightstick—is not necessarily ennobled by dressing an ignorant man in a blue uniform and swearing him in as a police officer. Only three years before, after Mayor Gaynor had rid the police of the clubbing habit, the Grand Jury had timidly recommended that "Captains should have limited power to use men in plain clothes to suppress disorder."

Here and there, where political expediency required a gesture, a few $35-a-week policemen were "broken." Naturally, this did not outlaw the "third degree." Small chance while the high command, which could have stopped it simply by dictating an order, persisted in office. Witness, for instance the defense of Mayor Hylan, after one particularly vicious case, that Magistrates alone were responsible for the conviction of persons falsely arrested.

IF PROOF were needed of the practical difficulties confronting any movement looking to the reform of the police, the wretched fate of the committee of the New York County Lawyer's Association is a case in point. This association deputized a group of prominent lawyers to call upon Commissioner McLaughlin and demand an explanation for the wholesale bludgeoning of the members of "English Harry" Wallon's gang.

In April, 1926, these men were apprehended by a lone policeman in the very act of holding up a night club. Between the time of their arrest and their arraignment in West Side Court, four of the five were frightfully manhandled. At once various welfare societies protested, and Commissioner McLaughlin hastily issued a statement that the men had resisted arrest and "it was only with the greatest difficulty and only by the use of force that the entire band was subdued."

With scant courtesy, he received the lawyers, giving them no satisfaction and charging them with being there simply because they made their living by defending criminals. "You don't see our side of it," he said. "Only this morning I saw a highwayman strike a policeman on the face." They fared no better before District Attorney Banton, who opined: "I think it is all right if the police get the right man." To the reporters, he said later, "My opinion is, that when a policeman arrests the thief, the sooner he knocks him out the less chance there is that another policeman will be killed."

Be that as it may, when the Wallon gang was put on trial, not only did the lone arresting officer, Johnny Gree, testify that the gang threw away their weapons when he approached and submitted willingly to arrest, but one Louis Mankoff, who was among the night club guests being held up, deposed that when he arrived at the station house to identify the gang, he found a squad of detectives "fixing them up nicely with reddish pipes!"

The lawyers' crusade was snuffed out. It is a difficult thing to work up a public lather over a vague, indeterminate Constitutional sanctity when the police can thus take refuge behind the impregnable sophistry that you are just trying to help the criminal.

"There is always a certain amount of indiscriminate clubbing of this sort going on," Magistrate Corrigan has said, "and it is invariably difficult to determine what is brutality and what has been done in the line of duty. The chances are that a hardened criminal will claim that the police gave him the 'third degree,' anyway. It is not easy to decide who is telling the truth, with twenty patrolmen swearing against a bashed skull.

"The correction would seem to lie, in part, in the development of more skilful detectives. Violence is a short-cut to the solution of a crime—a few hours' work with the rubber hose instead of the more tedious and difficult accumulation of evidence. Sufficient intelligence will solve any crime."

CERTAINLY the "third degree" has stimulated a nice bit of skullduggery between the police and the lawyers, with the Magistrates at the bottom of the scrimmage. Having learned the sympathetic value of the plea, shrewder criminals conceived the idea of first confessing to avoid the pounding and then complaining in court that the confession was extorted. This sort of thing became so widespread, a few years back, that the police, in self-defense, photographed criminals before and after questioning, to prove that the evidence was legitimately obtained.

Still other suspects, knowing that the police are after them, first go to a lawyer, have themselves carefully photographed, and then surrender. The lawyer hastens down to Headquarters the next morning and, if the "system" has

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"Hate Thy Neighbor"

By T. R. YBARRA

LONDON.

NEIGHBORS must be enemies—that seems to be the rule among European nations. "Hate thy neighbor" is the international slogan over here. The further away two countries in Europe are from each other, the more pleasant their mutual feelings; conversely, the nearer, the unfriendlier.

So far as I am aware, Greece and Denmark get along famously—there being six countries between the two. Also (to the best of my knowledge—I won't swear to it!) nothing ruffles Portuguese-Finnish relations, since, to get at the other, a Portuguese or a Finn would have to cross Spanish, French, German, Polish, Lithuanian Latvian and Esthonian territory. But, as for next-door neighbors—!

All of which is prompted by the fact that the recent revelations concerning the forged treaty alleged to have been concluded by France and Belgium served to make people realize the existence of yet another pair of unfriendly neighbors in Europe, of yet another potential source of war—as if there weren't enough smoldering international embers over here already! The neighbors in question are Belgium and Holland.

For many years their relations have not been entirely satisfactory, though smooth enough on the surface. A century ago, indeed, they were actually at war, for Belgium (then united with Holland) wished to break away from the union, and the Dutch objected. Eventually Belgium did become independent and provide herself with a king, leaving Holland to go her own road. Since then, there has been no actual rupture, but the fact remains that Belgians and Dutch are wont to make unfriendly faces at each other across their mutual frontier, after the approved European formula governing etiquette among neighbors.

There are three main sources of friction between Belgium and Holland. The first is the Scheldt question, the second the keen commercial rivalry between the great Belgian seaport of Antwerp and the great Dutch seaport of Rotterdam, and the third the Flemish question.

The Scheldt question has long been a source of irritation. Antwerp, Belgium's principal harbor and one of the most important commercial centers in Europe, is situated on the Scheldt some miles from the point where it falls into the sea, but the mouths of the river are under control of the Dutch. This state of affairs affords intense discomfort to the Belgians and has been the cause of wearisome negotiations and frequent outbursts of ill-feeling. Now that the rivalry between Rotterdam and Antwerp is more serious than ever, the question of the mouths of the Scheldt becomes doubly galling to Belgians.

THE STRUGGLE between Antwerp and Rotterdam is highly dramatic. Just before the World War both were overshadowed by the great German harbor of Hamburg, which, rising steadily in importance ever since the end of the Franco-German War in 1871, had finally distanced all rivals on the European Continent and reached a position among all European ports second only to Liverpool. The defeat of Germany in the War tumbled Hamburg from her proud position of leadership and relegated her to a place on the European Continent behind both Antwerp and Rotterdam.

But Germany has been "coming back" most amazingly in these post-war years, especially in shipping. Recovering promptly from the stagnation into which defeat had thrown her, Hamburg began to climb steadily toward her pre-war eminence as a great European harbor, until the statistics of her incoming and outgoing tonnage showed her to be again a Belgian and Dutch rival. Until last year Antwerp managed to keep ahead of both Hamburg and Rotterdam. But within the last twelvemonth there has been a change which may well cause disquiet in Belgium. Already Hamburg claims first place among European continental ports and, what is more, Rotterdam claims second place. There is some dispute as to the figures.

As for the Flemish question, it also has nasty potentialities. Belgium is a bilingual land, recognizing the French and Flemish languages as on a par with each other as the national tongue—those who have visited the country will remember the street-signs, couched in both languages, in Antwerp, Brussels and other towns. The Flemish portion of the population, as is shown by its language, is far more akin to the Germanic race than to the French living south of Belgium; hence there is strong sympathy between the Flemings and the Dutch, who are of Germanic blood.

This feeling is exploited by Flemish extremists, who want union between Holland and the Flemish part of Belgium. Naturally their efforts arouse angry opposition among French-speaking Belgians and, indeed, among Belgians of all shades of political belief who find common ground in their objection to Flemish secession.

During the German occupation of Belgium in the War, the Germans openly encouraged the machinations of the extremists, hoping that the ensuing trouble would split apart the solid anti-German front in Belgium. But soon the Germans were driven out of the land, bag and baggage, and the only result of their endeavors was that the Flemish extremists, branded with pro-Germanism, reaped a rich harvest of disfavor from their fellow countrymen. Recently, however, they have raised their heads again and begun singing the praises of an alliance of Flemings and Dutch—to the sad detriment of friendly relations between Belgium and Holland!

THE THREE REASONS for friction mentioned above, working together, caused a lively flaring up of the Belgian-Dutch resentment, when the alleged "treaty" between France and Belgium was published recently. In this document, it will be remembered, there was talk of French and Belgian troops, in the event of war with Germany, crossing Dutch territory on their way to invade German soil. This, if carried out would be as cynical a disregard of neutral rights as was the passage of the German armies through Belgium in 1914, on their way to the invasion of France.

The "treaty" was promptly branded as false and the resentment gradually simmered down, but not before occasioning some pretty disagreeable incidents. For instance, at the height of the ill-feeling a pamphlet headed "War with Belgium" was openly hawked in the streets of Dutch towns.

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A Catholic and His Church

ANONYMOUS

This article departs from the intensely personal note in which the series of confessions of religious experiences was conceived. It is an unusually frank and critical discussion of Catholicism by a distinguished writer who is also a devout Catholic and a student of the history of his church

NOT many years ago personal religion was taboo in America as a topic of conversation. Religious views were not a subject to be discussed in newspapers and magazines. In church periodicals they could only be discussed theologically or devotionally; never personally and in everyday language as is our custom today. One of the most striking things in present-day American life is the publicity value of anything concerning religion that is reasonably well expressed and sincere. The sincerity of religious feeling in America is a thing to be reckoned with and it does not matter greatly that at times it takes the form of religious bigotry. There is something to be said for bigotry and intolerance. It may be only a sign of ignorance, but it may be a sign, too, and generally is a sign, of desperate clinging to a belief.

There are a great many people today in America who are saying in print that they have no religion, who by the very way they say it show a deep religious feeling, a longing for religion though the creed in which they have been brought up no longer satisfies them. I think the first article in this series ("Religion?—None") is a very good example of just that thing. Here is a man who quite plainly is longing to believe and yet is put off at every turn by something in the acts of members of the church to which he belonged which do not seem to him to be quite Christian. He is missing something. His reason for registering at his hospital as having no religion at all is in its essence a gallant defense of religion: he felt ashamed to register as a Christian because of unchristian things he saw all about him.

This isn't at all an isolated case. A man can hardly sit in a smoking car or day coach nowadays without noticing that religious discussion has almost superseded smutty stories as a subject to pass away the hours, and it is generally fair discussion. If heated and sometimes ignorant it is at least sincere. It is what the man believes and it has taken place in his mind over the filthy sex joke. That is worth thinking about, surely. Of course there is a tendency in colleges to emancipate men's minds from "religious superstitions," but the "common man" isn't taking any. Intelligently or unintelligently he is clinging to his beliefs, and more and more he is showing that security in religious belief, reasoned belief, is the most important thing in the world for him.

I happen to have a definite religious belief and I am one of those also who believe that while an unreasoned belief, a blind religious faith is perfectly respectable, a reasoned explanation of why one believes as one does is very desirable. I was born a Catholic, in a family intensely Catholic. I went to Catholic schools and in them learned a habit of religious practice in earlier years, and in later school years a definite line of reasoning which, however, took no account whatever of why other people think differently or of any of those things which split Christianity into myriads of personal interpretations. I learned simply that we are right and everybody else totally wrong.

WHEN I left college I was lucky enough to get into a business which took me to places remote from the big cities. Catholics were not many in my new surroundings. There was a small group of High Church Episcopalians, a large number of Methodists and Baptists and some Presbyterians. The Church of England men impressed me by the fervor with which they lived the sort of life I had been taught was purely Catholic. At first I resented being prayed for openly in family night prayers by the Methodists with whom I stayed (there were no hotels). They and the Baptists believed very strictly that many of the things I liked were wrong things to do. I liked good wine and tobacco. I liked cards and dancing and I loved horses and still do. Gradually, I began to think what a fool I was to object to being prayed for by anybody, if prayer had the meaning I had been taught to believe it had. Also I began to realize that while they condemned all those things as sinful that I liked best, and I looked on them as harmless, they were perfectly right in believing them to be occasions of harm if a man could not use them in moderation, and that very many men do not use them in moderation.

Many years later I could understand the fanaticism with which some Methodists and Baptists supported prohibition as the only remedy against abuse. I did not and do not agree with them that it is, but I agree that their point of view is perfectly respectable, and can understand very well why their fervor has taken on a religious color since so much of the liquor business and its consequent evils has been in the hands of people who belong to the Catholic Church.

What struck me particularly at that time was the fact that most of these people were applying their religious principles (which I had been taught were all wrong) to the daily acts of their lives even if they did so harshly, and that I, who had learned that my religious principles were the only right ones, was not applying them in the same way to everything I did. Of course they all had backsliders, such as those the author of "Religion?—None" objects to. Certainly they had, but it was the sincerity of the others that bothered me; not the backsliders. By rights, according to my accepted point of view, they ought all to have been backsliders, and I wasn't at all sure that I was not the outstanding backslider of the community, although right in principle, and they the white sheep of the flock, although in error.

THAT seemed a puzzle and it set me thinking and later to studying about what the Catholic Church really does teach and the validity of its teaching mission. It interested me to learn just what it is that all these good people believe about the religion they profess; whether it satisfied them and what it was originally that took them out of the only church organization there was, the Catholic Church; what it was in that separation that left behind it such intense bitterness and hostility as really does exist between Catholics and Protestants.

All that is a matter of historical research. The average American knows

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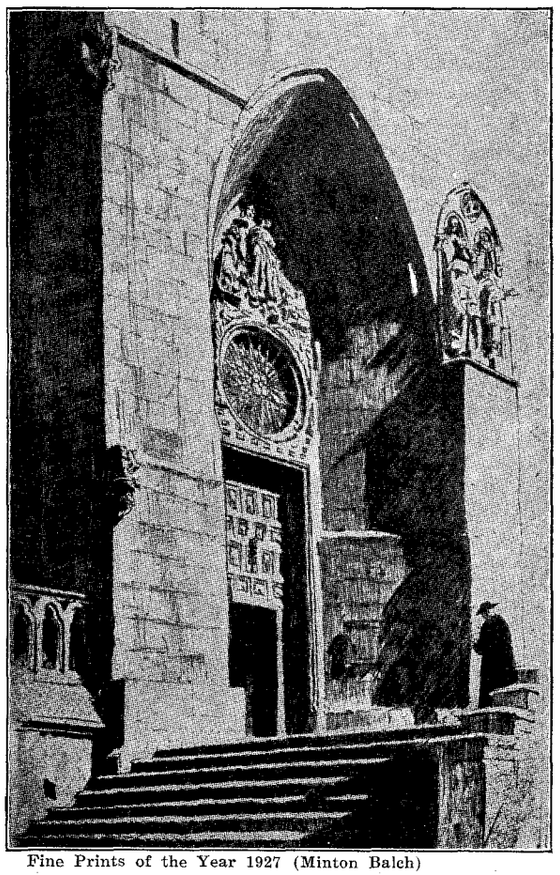
nothing about history and is not interested. He is ashamed of not being fair-minded, but he is very rarely open minded to another's point of view of anything that matters to him. If he is really religious (whether registered in any organized church or not) he is not likely to know anything about any other or to be very tolerant of what little he may know about it. If, on the contrary, he takes pride in his toleration of the other man's religion, he is very likely to have no very fixed belief himself. And yet that does not necessarily mean that he is irreligious. He may be deeply religious, but put off from any definite religious group because of the wrong ways of persons who profess it and do not apply their professions to their acts. That is the thing that I learned from my Methodist and Baptist friends, from Church of England men and Presbyterians: that the individual backslider is not the one from whom to draw conclusions as to the merits of religion but rather those who believe and act accordingly.

I examined my own Church, not with the slightest idea that others might be right and we wrong, but to trace why we are so sure of the doctrine of the Catholic Church, in spite of what so many of us do that is obviously wrong and why so many people in America should be so sure that we are completely wrong in principle and only in rare individual cases decent American citizens. First of all I went to the German "higher critics." I do not profess to be expert in these things but it seemed to me that the researches of Harnack are very convincing. His conclusions seem to be taken by some as evidence of an irresolute mind. To me his apparent contradictions look like the progress of an honest scholar. Of course I wanted him to prove the authenticity of the gospels. His later conclusions that these were written by the men, in the places and at the approximate time Catholic tradition says they were satisfies me completely. As far as I am concerned that historical point is settled.

Then come the gospels themselves. The teachings of Christ are plain and conclusive for Christians. I do not know any Christian body that does not accept the gospels as the foundation of religion. How then did men begin to differ as to their application and consequences? It seems to me that the difference began with the organization of administration of the Christian Church when Christianity spread over Europe and became the common religion of warrior peoples developing a civilization out of the fighting tribes of Western Europe. It was politics and church administration that split the Church rather than dogma.

I think that is fairly plain even today in the alleged "religious issue" of the late Presidential campaign in our own country. There was undeniable antipathy to Catholics, but was it religious? Did it take a theological form and attack the religious beliefs of Catholics? It did not seem so to me; on the contrary, it seemed to consist of rather scurrilous attacks on the sexual morality of priests and nuns of the Catholic Church and fear that the Pope and the Catholic bishops would dominate the politics of the United States.



Fine Prints of the Year 1927 (Minton Balch)

An Etching by Lionel Lindsay

On the opposite side Catholics seemed to content themselves with saying that they would shoot the Pope if he tried to do anything of the sort, and with a curious insistence that one may be an American citizen of one hundred per cent efficiency *in spite* of being a Catholic if he belongs to the Democratic Party.

Some Catholic publications went so far as to attack by name a certain friend of Mr. Hoover who is an official of the Government, as being a renegade Catholic because he is a Republican in politics. Mrs. Willebrandt was vigorously attacked as being anti-Catholic because she publicly called on church bodies to help the cause of prohibition. I may be impossibly dull but I cannot see for the life of me that any of these things have anything whatever to do with religion, except the question of the position of the papacy in the Catholic Church and in the world.

All the other things that entered into the "religious issue" seem to be evidence merely of a low order of intelligence in a contest in which a great many Catholics did not show up much better than the people whose scurrilous attacks they resented so bitterly.

I say that actual disagreement with Catholic belief entered very little into the contest, except in the matter of Catholic belief about the papacy, and on that far too many Catholics gave no conclusive evidence that they know what they believe. Some who published their belief were certainly in disaccord with the belief of the Catholic Church and it is a remarkable thing that very few Catholic editors pointed out the discrepancy. One can only hope that it was "invincible ignorance" on their part and not a conspiracy of silence for political ends—as a good many Protestants contend is our habitual programme. If it was invincible ignorance, it is a matter for Catholic schools and colleges to teach Catholics what they believe. It seems to me that the campaign put a heavy burden upon our schools and teachers.

I must say that I have never been troubled by the position of the papacy in the Christian scheme of things. It has always seemed to me to be the purest logic. It depends of course, on whether one believes that Christ was divine as well as human. From the gospels I gather that He instructed a representatively dull group of men to be His messengers to the world, and that in spite of His explanations and teachings they were not capable of fulfilling their

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mission until they had been illumined by the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Understanding, of Science. It is also plain that He made Peter the head and final authority after His departure. He left in the world a church organization. Even the energetic Paul's "standing up to Peter" seems to have been, not the beginning of protest, but very much to the contrary, the forcing of a final—infallible—pronouncement which Peter was reluctant to give.

IF CHRIST was God, He could not logically have done the things recorded of Him (and that would not be God-like!), if He had risked having His teachings lost again through human stupidity or malice. If He was divine He must necessarily have left somewhere a final arbiter among differences of interpretation of His teaching which were bound to arise. Anything else would have been stultification, which is unthinkable.

The question is, where did He put that final interpretive authority? In Peter, I gather from the evidence. Could it die with Peter? Not logically. Bible evidence (if the Bible is an authentic document) shows, however, that man's principal gift or attribute is free will. He can accept or reject what he chooses. A pope has free will just as has any other man. The only thing that is positively guaranteed about him is that by sin or error he cannot lose the truth of God to the world. Logically, also, a pope having the charge from God which logically he must have, will be held by God to much heavier accounting for his acts than anybody else—if that is any consolation to the average man puzzled by the extraordinary conduct of some of them. In other words it is not the backsliders who count as evidence in religion, but those who believe and practice. If popes and bishops and priests were responsible for the split in Christianity and for the Protestant movement, it is safe to guess that they and not all Protestants will be the ones to bear the burden for the loss of so many good people to the Church.

It seemed to me a curious and very interesting thing that popes should have gone so very wrong at times, being the center of authority in the Christian world. The reason seems to be quite plain in history.

From the moment when Christianity became the only common bond in the new growth of civilization in Europe, and the head of Christianity became the most influential man in Europe, the papacy (an elective office) must necessarily have been exposed to political intrigue. There are very ancient Roman families who boast of several popes in their family tree. The patrician families of Rome had sunk very low in fortune in the last days of the Roman Empire. It stands to reason, and it is an historical fact that the papacy offered a dazzling opportunity to recoup both fortune and influence, and the election of popes lay in the hands of the people of Rome.

There would be no particular merit in doing right if there were no possibility of doing wrong. Roman patricians intrigued to get members of their families elected to the most influential office in Europe, and some politicians succeeded in electing men who were the last people in the world one would think of as heads of the Christian Church. So did kings in the new countries of Europe growing out of the early tribal formations. So did Emperors in Germany. Political rulers attempted to control the papacy; popes attempted to control temporal rulers. The problem of the right relations of Church and State grew as the Christian Church grew side by side with the development of political organisms, the nations.

It was simultaneous evolution, each affecting and reacting on the other. It was the contest of a religion of peace and equality with a civilization based on force and class. Growing particularist dynastic and national interests necessarily affected the papal office set up to be the conscience of humanity. The evidence seems conclusive that the papacy was affected from the inside rather than from the outside, since church administrators are drawn from the general society of any given period and to some degree must reflect the ideas of that general society in which they are formed. The only guarantee popes have is that, whatever they do, the truth shall not be lost by their acts.

IT SEEMS to me also that one must take into account the special circumstances and group characteristics of groups of people within such a general religious body. In our own case, for example, it seems that it was not nearly so much anti-Catholicism that defeated the Democratic candidate (though it exists among us and was used liberally in the campaign) as it was the grouping together of numbers of people who are new in America and who appear to be dominated by a sacerdotal body which is distasteful to many Protestants as a consequence of the memories brought to America from Europe in our first beginnings.

A great many Protestants do not like millionaire bishops. They do not like concentration of power in the hands of a clergy. They do not like "Princes of the Church" and papal titles of nobility which savor to them of something inherently undemocratic. They do not like to be told by quite new people in America what is "American" and what is not.

Some Catholics do not like the suggestion, any more than Protestants do, that to be a Catholic in good standing one must belong to any given political party. Catholics forget and Protestants remember that the liquor business, (which is in everybody's mind today) was so largely in the hands of Catholics; that most saloons bore the names of people assumed by their very names to be Catholics; that distilling and brewing were largely in the hands of Catholics; that saloon political bosses were quite often Catholics; and that today those same names are found in the lists of bootleggers, hijackers, racketeers, police grafters and gangsters which fill the front page of our daily papers. Church funerals of the victims of gang warfare "in bronze and silver caskets," heaped with flowers—the corpse "in elegant tuxedo with a crucifix in its hands"—are hard to swallow.

CATHOLICS forget, Protestants remember that drunkenness was such a notorious curse among certain groups of Catholics in America that the Catholic bishops made it a subject of discussion at the Council of Baltimore and forbade Catholics to have anything to do with the liquor business. When the bishops were accused by some of their "flock" of exceeding their powers the pope supported the bishops because of the urgency of the case. Knights of Columbus, when they first organized made it a basic rule of their association that no one could join who was connected with the liquor business. Today, when Methodists and Baptists, always austere about rum, card-playing and dancing, have become fanatical about rum because of its evils, a large number of Catholics have come out "wet" and given the problem a religious aspect.

As I said above, I am a convinced Catholic because I believe Catholicism

(*Please Turn to Page 560*)

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Credit and the Federal Reserve

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

THE well-known columnist of the New York "World," F. P. A., recorded in his diary the other day that he found two eminent artists arguing heatedly about the policy of the Federal Reserve authorities. This would have been surprising a year or six months ago but the credit situation in this country—and it is impossible to discuss the credit situation without mentioning Federal Reserve policy—has become a topic of such universal interest that it is hard to find an artist, a clergyman, a nursemaid or a barber who is not eager to talk about it.

The facts are clear enough and are familiar to almost every one. The American public is in the stock market, is betting that stocks will go higher, on a scale that has never been approximated before. You and I and the man next door have borrowed so much money to buy securities that brokerage loans have reached the record total of $5,793,000,000, according to the Federal Reserve figures. This demand for credit has raised its price to the point where both call and time loans command in the neighborhood of 8 per cent. Legitimate business is accommodated at somewhat lower but nevertheless uncomfortably high rates. The prosperity of the country rests, of course, on the soundness of business. The fear has been expressed that so much money is going into the market that business is in danger of being pinched when it wants money for its legitimate expansion programs.

One of the functions of the Federal Reserve authorities is to curb speculation, or at least attempt to do so. By raising rediscount rates throughout the system and by selling their holdings of Government securities the banks have already taken what would have been regarded as very severe measures a year or so ago.

At the time this is written the stock market is fairly nervous but there has been no deflation worth mentioning. What can the Federal Reserve authorities do now? Their holdings of Government securities now are so small that they cannot sell many more. The only really dangerous weapons left are higher rediscount rates. They are dangerous, however, not only for the speculator but for the business man all over the world.

If rates are raised, the business man here will have to pay 7 per cent or so instead of 6 for loans. This change almost certainly would slow up industrial activity. To prevent a deluge of gold to the United States, moreover, the European central banks would have to raise their rates still further and business there would suffer. Many conservatives insist that speculation in our markets must be checked at any cost but the Reserve authorities can be pardoned for hesitating to take such brutal measures, particularly in view of the certainty that a political uproar would follow any serious damage to business.

HESITATING to use force, our banking authorities have fallen back on reason. They and their allies have been trying to argue credit out of the stock market, placing before professional and amateur traders reasons why they should sell securities held on margin. If the dangers inherent in the present speculative enthusiasm are as great as the conservatives believe, the authorities are wise to use any corrective methods available. The bombardment of words, nevertheless, has its ridiculous aspects. This is especially true because of the tendency in Wall Street to interpret some statements which seem on their face to be warnings as bullish.

Mr. Paul M. Warburg, one of the original members of the Federal Reserve Board, thinks the credit situation dangerous and has said so. "Present conditions," he warned, "recall to our mind the painful events of the years 1919-21 . . . . People who express the fear that increases in the Federal Reserve Bank's rediscount rates might hurt business overlook the far greater hurt the country will have to suffer if their advice to permit the situation 'to work itself out' were followed."

The whole tenor of Mr. Warburg's statement was thoroughly bearish but many of its readers singled out his charge that the rudder of the American credit market had passed into the hands of Stock Exchange operators "who have for months governed the flow of money, not only in the United States, but in the principal marts of the world." These readers hailed the assertion as an implication that speculators would maintain control of the money market and could drive prices higher.

Mr. Warburg's statement was rather critical of the Reserve authorities but it was probably issued, nevertheless, as part of their educational campaign to stop speculation. It must have surprised them when they heard of market letters which hailed it as a bullish argument.

Then came Mr. Mellon's famous advice to the investing public to buy bonds. Mr. Mellon is ex-officio chairman of the Federal Reserve Board and the other members undoubtedly hoped that investors would interpret his advice as a warning that stock prices are too high. But quite the contrary was the case. If bond prices seemed attractive, the speculative community urged, the Secretary of the Treasury could not expect money rates to go higher.

"Business is undoubtedly on as sound a basis as it ever has been," the bullish propagandists insisted. "If money rates are going no higher it is safe to buy stocks."

A LITTLE LATER, Governor Young of the Federal Reserve in his speech in Cincinnati, reviewed the expansion in speculative credit in such a way as to make it obvious that he expected deflation. The stock market, however, was not alarmed because he said that he favored raising rediscount rates only as a last resort. He further declared that "there is no occasion to become unduly excited because we must recognize the fact that the changed methods of financing business have developed very rapidly. Financing business through shares or bonds can be on a sound basis and, when it is sound, is entitled to credit, but it is not entitled to all the credit or an unreasonable proportion of the total." Stock prices moved up sharply on the publication of these reassurances, although Mr. Young's last idea probably was to stimulate further speculation.

Most of the best informed financial authorities hesitate to make any predictions as to what will happen in either the stock or the money markets but they are all agreed that they do not envy any one with a responsible position in the Federal Reserve System.

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To Be Seen and Heard

By EUDORA RAMSAY RICHARDSON

Not the least evidence of Twentieth Century advancement, the author tells us, has been achieved in the point of view of parents toward their children. In the general movement to weed out some of the sophistries of Victorian conduct, the child has emerged with a definite personality—quite worthy of being heard as well as seen by his elders

I WAS born in the peaceful Administration of the late Benjamin Harrison; my daughter's career began during the turbulent Presidency of the late Woodrow Wilson. In other words, I am a late Victorian; my daughter is an early Georgian. I am convinced that, all in all, the advantage is hers.

Like most children reared while the infallibility of the parent was unchallenged, I had a hard childhood; like all parents living in this day of child supremacy, I am enduring a hard parenthood. So, in common with a majority of those women—and an amazing number of men, too—upon whom the thirties are now bearing down, I have been doubly cheated by the transition from one mode of thinking to another—however necessary to race development this transition may be; while my daughter is the beneficiary of progress.

My childhood was not happy. No recollection is more vivid to me now than the anguish of soul that came whenever some thoughtless adult said in my hearing that childhood was the happiest time of one's life. If that were true, I remember thinking, why live at all? Since I did not believe the platitude, childhood was rendered at least endurable by the certainty that it could not last forever. In an atmosphere created by and for adults, I felt that adults were my inherited enemies. The tragedy is multiplied by the fact that my case was not exceptional. Ten years of persistent inquiry have convinced me that in somewhat varying degrees others of my generation who possessed fair natural endowment felt much as I did. One has but to see and hear the children born since 1915 to be certain that a new comradeship between the child and the adult has been effected.

When I consider in addition the lesser sorrows which were mine and my contemporaries', I am sure that the best that can be said of the past is that it is over. Our efficiency has been seriously hampered by long skirts, several layers deep, of a width that made a labor problem of pressing and travel for one an undertaking involving more luggage than would be needed now by a whole seminary.

Corsets—then, you remember, known euphemistically as stays—gave to us hour-glass figures as painful as they were hideous. Hair, still scripturally acclaimed our glory, rendered us slaves to its doubtful charms. Girls, it is true, were permitted the border-line sport of swimming; but, clothed in stockings, moccasins, and two-piece bathing suits that appeased propriety by means of skirts below the knees, we were scarcely better off than the far-famed maiden who hung her clothes on the hickory limb and never went near the water. During four collegiate years I played basket ball in skirts that covered athletic bloomers—a precaution rather absurd in the light of the fact that no men were allowed to witness the games. In my adolescence I rode horseback balanced on the side of a suffering animal at a spine-twisting angle that made just staying on as great a sport as horsemanship itself.

YET WE WASTE sympathy on victims of the Inquisition, centuries dead, and on prisoners exiled on convict ships, forgetting that the objects of our commiseration were at least guilty of some sin against established religion or law; while in the very near past innocent women endured for nothing save public opinion mortification of the flesh just a bit less horrible than the cat-o'-nine-tails, the ball and chain, or even the iron maiden. And along comes my daughter and flaunts a freedom which twenty years ago would have made me dizzy with joy. In a one-piece dress that hangs from shoulders to knees and covers a delightful paucity of undergarments, she swings through life unconsciously enjoying a body free to develop its strong young muscles. She swims and rides, plays tennis and basket ball sensibly attired and, despite all the ranting of reformers, is quite as modest, in her utter disregard of any necessity for modesty, as those who thought the body a disgrace to be covered as nearly as possible.

Not only did my friends and I wear the wrong kind of clothes but we ate the wrong food and scarcely heard at all of the fundamental health principles which are as familiar to our children as the alphabet. To have grown to maturity improperly nourished and now to be spending a large part of our time balancing diet, weighing out calories and peppering the whole with a dash of vitamins, is hard on women born in the early nineties; but we are equipping our sons and daughters of the new age with bodies fit for the struggle.

The proprieties which, with a touch of Cranford prudery, restricted even those girls born during Victoria's senescence, I found particularly irksome. The women I knew never went out alone after nightfall. Only those of the prostitute or servant class were accorded that privilege. If it suited the husband to go, the wife went; otherwise, she stayed at home as stationary or as movable as the Lares and Penates. I can't remember ever wanting to be a boy—I was too much of a fighter for that—but through my 'teens I burned with an ineffectual fury to tear down the old order and set up a new. At twenty-one I shocked my conservative Southern town by working as reporter on a morning paper. It happened at the time that I was engaged to a son of the *status quo* who objected to my working "at night like a telephone operator." The situation became so acute that I had to choose between the man and the job. Of course I chose the job. I am reasonably certain that in this more enlightened day my daughter will never be faced with so absurd an alternative.

THE ADVANTAGES of modernity, moreover, are not merely in clothes and food and being able to run around alone after dark. The whole disciplinary method which used to mar childhood has undergone a subtle, undermining change for the better. By those supervising both home and school, childhood used to be viewed not as a segment of life but as a period of preparation for living. Happiness was a by-product of work well done and never to be pursued as an end in itself.

This grim philosophy, founded upon a conception of duty as the guiding principle of a well-ordered life, glori-

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fied only those tasks that involve distaste in the doing or actual suffering. In the words of the once celebrated Mr. Dooley, it didn't matter what a child did so long as he didn't like it. While undergoing the rigorous training, the child must not obtrude himself into the important work of the adult. His presence, therefore, in the family circle should affect the optical nerve, rather than the auditory. Unquestioning obedience, meaning literally that children should display no normal curiosity as to cause and effect, was the corner stone upon which, in theory at least, discipline was built. The method, while contributing often to the comfort of parents, produced—according to my confessedly limited observation—for every normal youngster perhaps a dozen hopelessly repressed, with initiative forever gone, and perhaps as many more who were made into violent little rebels with Ishmaelitish complexes. At any rate, childhood under the old régime could never be a particularly happy state.

AT LAST with the passing of long hair and petticoats, the patriarch has gone also, and in his place have come two parents, rather muddled perhaps as to what training should be, but willing to give their children a chance for the rather too much discussed self-expression. I could not bring myself to view my daughter's childhood as merely a period of preparation. All the reading I had done, all the thinking that followed, led me to believe that childhood should be made the best part of life. Then, and only then, is the individual of tremendous importance to himself. Later we are oppressed by the insignificance of our personalities, by the ephemeral qualities of our pleasures, with the result that enjoyment of life is lessened by too much analytical thinking.

My girl's childhood has been cherished, therefore, as a precious thing which, because it will so soon pass, must be made the most of. Possibly adults should talk of duty, though I am inclined to believe that decent human relations when stamped with the deadly *ought* lose their virtue, but I know that children have a right to be hedonists. With the terrible sentence imposed by the Puritans lifted, I hope forever, my daughter studies because acquiring interesting knowledge and using her brain give her a pleasurable exhilaration. She develops her body—not, as I did, with dumb bells and Indian clubs, which I despised—but by sports she adores and which are at the same time an end in themselves and a means toward another end to which she gives no thought. My little-girl days were utterly spoiled by special shoes, high on one side and low on the other, intended to correct the perfectly natural tendency to pigeon toes which time would have overcome; by braces to make me quite straight when I should become a young lady, whereas outdoor exercise would have squared my shoulders more effectively—and, besides, the "débutante slouch" had come in fashion by the time I reached the mid-teens; and by a clipped head all one summer that some day there would be enough of the crowning glory, which, alas! is now a thing to be cut out or off. My daughter and her friends have endured no humiliations for the sake of a hypothetical future happiness. They have lived their sunny days one after the other, and the morrow has taken care of itself.

The old conception of the place obedience occupied in education demolished my happiness in childhood; and the new conception has made parenthood for me more difficult than that relationship was in olden times. The thoroughly suppressed child must have been a delightful household pet. I had a dog once who lay down when I lifted my finger, who never interrupted conversations, and who could be left for hours alone in the house. He was a very nice dog. I have a child who has always used her own mind. From infancy she asked questions incessantly. She has never been a respecter of adult conversations. She has had to know immediately the meaning of all unusual words. She wove such plausible stories of reptiles and monsters as sometimes to terrify me lest there be a grain of truth in the fantastic imaginings. She has always been a very troublesome child. Some patriarch might have striven to make of her a very good dog; he would probably have got for his efforts a furious young rebel. Conscious of suffering for the faith that is in me, I am trying to direct her energy and creative ability to useful employment.

CHILDREN used to be the despair of parents when the poor youngsters could not be conquered. Since discipline used to seem an unreasonable thing, young Ishmaelites of the past were continually getting into the sort of scrape unknown to their present-day successors. My daughter, understanding the reasons for those simple rules that exist now in school and home, has no feeling that authority is necessarily arbitrary. Only in essential matters, such as fresh air, food, sleep and a few of the social decencies, is her life guided by a formula. Mothers used to plan every detail of their children's existences; and, as it seemed to us, often planned badly. I have a friend, for instance, who recalls an afternoon of intermittent spankings occasioned by a difference of opinion as to which dress she should wear. The physical victory was the mother's, but I think not the spiritual. Rather than fight with my child over so trivial a matter, I would let her make mud pies in a dance frock—but of course I haven't had to.

THAT ANY whose youth was spent in that other day learned to reason at all proves the tenacity of the human brain. Instead of being surprising that voters are herded to the polls by a political boss or the oratory of a demagogue, it is miraculous that our old system of public education and home discipline has produced any one capable of leading the obedient masses.

That parents met with a satisfactory measure of defeat in their efforts to get unquestioning obedience accounts, I suppose, for the number of personalities that come through the mill somewhat intact. We mothers of early Georgian daughters have learned from some source that obedience, while necessary in dealing with babies and with older children as a last resort, does not contribute to a child's development.

We have learned also that phases will pass without our conquering the victim and breaking the will which is the only quality a child has for making his life. We know at last that time and patience will cure where violence merely holds a fault in check for future expression. Our children are better off, of course, but it is no small wonder that the mothers survive.

I remember with a vividness undimmed by the years how hard it was for me to give the kind of respect demanded of me. My child treats her parents as she does her companions. She is impudent at times; but impudence, like biting, spitting, fighting, bad words picked up at school and a dozen other transient vices, will have its little day and cease to be. At times, moreover, I am embarrassed before old-fashioned

(*Please Turn to Page 560*)

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The Trend of Events

Experiments and Experiments

A HEAVY price it is that mankind has paid for speed. A part of that price has been paid in human life. Perhaps an even heavier part has been paid in loss of independence. Man trusts to the machines he makes, becomes dependent upon them, and then crashes to death when they fail him. What matters that? He escapes from the inadequacy of his legs to the horse-drawn carriage; from the carriage to the steam engine; from that to the automobile; and now to the airplane. At Newark, New Jersey, recently an airplane carrying fifteen persons crashed at seventy miles an hour and all aboard but the pilot were killed. Will that disaster halt or delay the progress of aviation? The newspapers of the country with one voice say, No. On the contrary, they demand that out of the experience of that tragedy something be learned to promote the progress of aviation.

Nobody suggests that we go back to the ox-cart. It would be to the ox-cart at the very least to which we should have to go if we wished to avoid accidents. Each year the automobile kills its thousands, and each following year more thousands. Shall we go back to the steam engine? Three days after the airplane accident caused the death of fourteen people, a railway accident in Canada levied a larger toll of life. Shall we go back to the horse? Even horses sometimes ran away and killed people.

All these deaths, it is the unanimous verdict of the press, must be charged up to the cost of emerging from the ox-cart age. What we must do, we are told, is to reduce the cost. More careful examination of planes. Removal of obstructions from flying fields or of flying fields from obstructions. Better pilots. Stricter regulation of airports. Provision of wider margins of safety. More adequate financing of airplane companies and consequently more reserve planes and better equipment. One after another the proposals come.

It may be true that with the machine—locomotive, automobile, airplane—man has lost something of his individual independence. He has outgrown his legs. He must trust to somebody else's machine. But with loss of independence he has gained in freedom. No one thinks that we shall go back to the cave man or even to Thoreau. Instead, the press urges the acceptance of the airplane with the automobile and the locomotive as a commonplace of life. It is time we passed the thrill stage. After all the chance of being in an air wreck—if we take the statistics of passengers carried by the German Lufthansa—is 1 to 10,000. The airplane has come to stay—until we have something that will

Loring in the Evening Bulletin

The book of the month

fly better. Improve it; use it; cultivate confidence in it.

That seems to be the attitude of Hoover toward prohibition. He thinks prohibition is here until there is found a better way of dealing with the liquor problem; that the job before the country is to improve it and to cultivate public confidence in it; that the time for dramatics is past, and the time has come for better control and better personnel. Even some newspapers that do not believe with Hoover that prohibition is an experiment that deserves success are ready to concede that he should have the chance to make it a success.

But prohibition still arouses the emotions of editors as of more common folk as no other issue does. The unreconciled are as unreconciled as ever. And the Jones Five-and-Ten Law (putting the maximum penalty of violation of prohibition at five years in prison and ten thousand dollars fine) has increased their resentment. They commend the New York lawyers who have offered their services as attorneys for defendants whom they regard as subjected to the hazard of excessive penalty. They protest anew against a law that has created a situation wherein citizens deal with criminals and has even made banks depositories of liquor racketeers. They see the danger of mob law in the proposal of the Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League to have women attend the trial of liquor cases. They wonder if there is a possibility that buyers of liquor may be in danger of prosecution for "misprison of felony." They see in all this a parallel to the attempt during slavery days to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law. They deplore the embarrassment caused by the arrest of the truck driver transporting liquor to the Siamese Legation. And they argue that however much President Hoover may wish to avoid dramatics there will continue to be drama in the prohibition situation as long as the feelings of large numbers of Americans are aroused to the present pitch.

In reply it is pointed out that the penalties of the Jones Law are not mandatory, but the maximum is intended only for those who are commercializing the violation of prohibition; that it is at least questionable in ethics for lawyers to engage in defending violators of a law for the purpose of discrediting the law or protesting against its terms; that there is no analogy with the Fugitive Slave Law because nobody attempted to make money out of freeing negroes; that it is absurd to think that any one should feel the same distress at the plight of an arrested bootlegger as was felt in the North at the return of a fugitive slave; and that there will be no rush of applicants for the job of truck drivers to embassies.

Both Builder and Smasher

SO FAR, HOWEVER, Mr. Hoover seems to stand above this controversy unscathed. That is perhaps because he has succeeded in capturing—for the time being at least—the imagination of the country. However the newspaper editorial writers may differ from his views on prohibition, they have re-

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sponded with general approval to his plan to make violation of law and the defects of legal procedure a subject of investigation. Indeed the whole country seems sobered by the facts that are already known about American lawlessness. The statement recently made in the "Spectator," an insurance periodical, by Frederick L. Hoffman, consulting statistician of the Prudential Insurance Company, has made a strong impression upon the daily press. From that it is clear that Chicago—in spite of its bad reputation for violence—is not by any means the worst offender. Such Southern cities as Birmingham, Alabama, Nashville, Tennessee, and Houston, Texas, have a worse record in homicides. Birmingham's death rate from automobiles is 14.4 per hundred thousand, while its death rate from homicides is 54.9. The Columbus, Georgia, "Enquirer-Sun" bravely counsels Southern editors to forego resentment at Northern criticism of lynchings and see what they can do to better conditions at home. Detroit is shocked at its bad pre-eminence. And even New York hesitates now to point the finger of scorn at other communities.

Everywhere is felt the need of improvement in State legal procedure. Reform is difficult throughout the Nation because of our separate States. The Federal Court system might be reformed, and yet the general condition throughout the Union might remain bad because of the failure of the States to reform themselves. Measures of reform are recognized as almost universally needed. Jury duty is a hardship because courts are unbusinesslike and dilatory. Whole classes of citizens are exempt from jury duty that are needed for the better administration of justice. Judges should have greater freedom in commenting on the evidence.

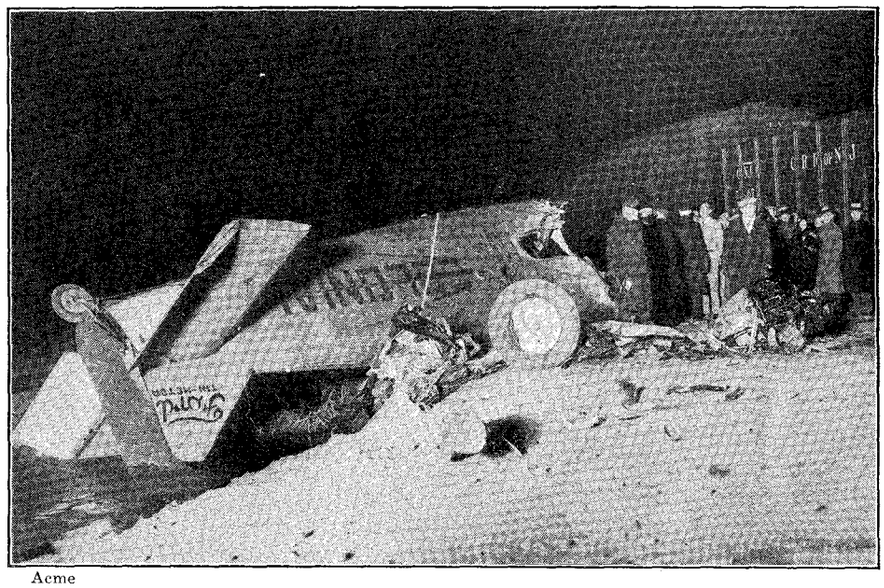
Prosecuting attorneys should be allowed to comment on the failure of defendants to testify in their own behalf. Witnesses for the defense of an accused criminal may testify by deposition though they may be outside the State in which the trial takes place; but witnesses against him can testify only in the presence of the accused and they cannot under present conditions be reasonably compelled to attend trial. Crime of the most dangerous sort is well financed; and money is a great advantage when it can command delays and appeals and technicalities. Escapes from prison are fewer than escapes from the law. A re-appraisal of the effectiveness of the death penalty seems to be under way in the press. It is more seriously questioned than it has been for a long time. Its chief merit seems to be that it is a better because a more orderly alternative to lynching. But the failure of the courts to deal effectively with criminals is leading to the organization of communities for self-defense by the arming and training of their citizens. A Federal investigation, such as Mr. Hoover plans, is needed; but it will perform its best service if it arouses the States to reformative action.

▶▶*Mr. Hoover and the People*

For arousing the country to the need of removing the handicap of society in its struggle with the criminal due credit is given to the President; but this is only one of several actions for which he has received praise.

Iconoclast he has been called and as iconoclast commended. He has shaken off some irksome conventions. His willingness to follow his own bent in spite of precedent is symbolized in his choosing to discard the top hat when he goes to meeting on Sunday and wear a soft hat instead. Trifling? Yes; but it brings joy to more than one editorial soul. So does his decision to let in the light on tax refunds. So in particular do his first steps in reorganizing the Executive Branch of the Government. So finally does his announcement that he will prepare no bill—not even a Farm Relief Bill—for Congress, but leave bill-drafting to Congress whose business it is. Of course, it is recognized, Mr. Hoover may have to take matters in his own hand when or if Congress becomes negligent or dilatory or recalcitrant. What he will do then will show the nature of his leadership.

Meanwhile, he is not waiting on events. His selection of former Representative Newton, one of his three Secretaries, to be a liaison officer between the President and the various independent agencies of the Government is commended without—or almost without—stint. In this capacity Mr. Newton, it is surmized, will be a sort of Assistant President, taking from the President the burden of many details and mapping out, as it were, the lines on which such reorganization of government bureaus as will prevent duplication may be laid. Against such reorganization the propaganda of bureau officials—fearing the loss of jobs or attached to accustomed practices—has been effective. Mr. Hoover has won public approval for dealing with this strongly by asking for the submission of resignations. Especially promising seems the prospect of reorganization of the State Department. Some fear is expressed lest Mr. Hoover treat the diplomatic service as a body of business go-getters and governmental traveling salesmen; but even that fear is not expressed seriously. The State Department, it is generally recognized, needs new life—better salaries—that it may not be the social playground of rich young men—and freedom from red



Acme

AMERICA'S WORST AIRPLANE DISASTER

The wreckage of a tri-motored Ford monoplane which crashed on top of a freight car at Newark, New Jersey, killing fourteen passengers

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Underwood

ATTENTION WOMEN AVIATORS

Anthony H. G Fokker, famous designer and manufacturer of airplanes, and the bronze figure he has donated to the Aviation Country Clubs. It will be awarded to the woman member who between May and autumn has the greatest number of flying hours to her credit. The trophy is the work of Miss Annie Cottrau

tape. Mr. Hoover seems to most editors to be on his way toward providing the State Department with new leadership, new morale, and new organization.

▸▸*The Oil Industry Approves*

For four years the oil industry has opposed the Government's demand for conservation of fuel and gasoline. The files of the Federal Conservation Board at Washington are filled with letters from outstanding oil men protesting against the very idea of restricting production through agreement in the industry itself. Yet within a few days after President Hoover's insistence on conservation on the public domain the industry took steps to place its house in order.

Representatives of the oil companies meeting at Houston agreed to keep 1929 production down to the 1928 record of approximately 900,000,000 barrels, and it is expected this suggestion will have the approval of the Administration and the Federal Conservation Board. Inasmuch as 1929 production has been running ahead of 1928's by about 10,000,000 barrels a month, the proposed restriction is more far-reaching than it seems. Moreover, it affects the output of the rich Lagunillas fields in Venezuela, which gushed forth so heavily last year that it gave the South American country second place to the United States in the matter of world output.

There are indications that the industry might have taken this step without official prodding, but great credit must be given to the Administration for the example it set. It took a long while and adverse fortunes for private interests to reach a sensible conclusion. It is now admitted that the two years of greatest overproduction—1922 and 1927—saw the lowest oil profits in history. Over a period of five years of excessive output the average return to the oil industry was 3.27 per cent.

There are indications that the rock which Hoover threw into the pool of conservation may cause world-wide ripples. An attempt to summon a congress for consideration of the problem of conserving the resources of the world was made during the Roosevelt Administration, but without success. It is understood a similar effort is in the making.

▸▸*Sense in Censorship*

For two years Boston booksellers and editors have been conducting a strenuous campaign to have the State censorship law amended by the Legislature. Now that the Committee on Legal Affairs has unanimously reported out a revised statute, their hopes seem in a fair way of realization. If the Legislature accepts the new measure, booksellers may once more conduct their trade with something less than the trepidation of a speakeasy proprietor.

For the way of the bookseller in Boston has been hard. Since the law laid him open to prosecution for selling any book containing an indecent word or phrase—and police habitually took the statute liberally—the Watch and Ward Society has been in a fair position to tell him what he could and could not sell. Under the supervision of this unofficial censorship, between sixty and a hundred books have been banned. Booksellers realized that legal might lay on the side of the heavy-handed censor and consented to abide by his proscriptions, meanwhile bending every effort to secure revision of the law.

Under the proposed new statute the bookseller is still liable to prosecution for dealing in obscene, indecent or immoral books. But the questionable character of a passage must be judged only "in connection with its entire context and theme of any complete component part." In other words, whereas a single word or phrase which might be adjudged obscene or impure under the old law placed the bookseller in danger of prosecution, under the new one, it must be proved that the theme itself is immoral.

The statute would stifle some of the absurd prohibitions of the Watch and Ward Society and, at the same time, give the law its proper weapon against books which flourish on pornography.

▸▸*The Sinking of the I'm Alone*

What at first seemed a serious international incident occurred when a Coast Guard cutter sank by gun-fire the British schooner, I'm Alone.

According to a statement made by the schooner's captain and printed in the "New York Times" this British vessel had carried cargoes of liquor. She had already delivered over three thousand cases to motor boats. With another cargo, she was halted by the Coast Guard cutter, then allowed to proceed; but shortly afterwards she was held up again and two cutters, the Walcott and the Dexter, fired at her. When she refused to heave to (for the captain in answer to the command declared she was outside of the cutter's jurisdiction), the Dexter began firing again and finally sank the schooner. All but one of the

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crew were pulled from the water and treated, as the captain says, very well, but were put in irons. The one man who was not rescued lost his life in the scramble for the life boats.

The whole question turns on whether the Coast Guard patrol boats were acting in accordance with the treaty of 1928 with Great Britain. Under that treaty Great Britain agrees not to object "to the boarding of private vessels under the British flag outside the limits of territorial waters by the authorities of the United States, its territories or possessions in order that inquiries may be addressed to those on board and an examination be made of the ship's papers for the purpose of ascertaining whether the vessel or those on board are endeavoring to import or have imported alcoholic beverages into the United States, its territories or possessions in violation of the laws there in force." The treaty futhermore states that when there is cause for believing that the vessel is violating the laws, the United States may seize it. It is provided, however, that the rights do not extend beyond an hour's run from the coast. The captain declares that this action took place beyond the territorial waters of the United States; but the Coast Guard declares that the action was in accord with the treaty.

There is provision in the treaty for compensation for loss or injury in case the rights granted are exercised improperly.

The whole question will be a subject of negotiations and interchange of views and claims; but an official of the British Foreign Office is reported to have said that he is sure the I'm Alone is not going to furnish another Alabama case.

➤➤*The Gallant d'Artagnan*

THE BRAVE, witty, and resourceful d'Artagnan of Dumas continues to find countless admirers in each generation of lovers of adventure and romance. The raw Gascon lad with his yellow horse, his one shirt, his fifteen crowns in money, his ancestral sword and a letter of introduction (an eighteen-year-old Don Quixote, Dumas calls him) dies a Marshal of France on the last page of "The Man in the Iron Mask"—Dumas's version, not Douglas Fairbanks's.

Just now interest is expressed in the sources of the three romances in which are told the adventures of d'Artagnan, Athos, Aramis and Porthos. The "New York Times" in an editorial ascribes this to the publication "in France lately" of "Les Mémoires de M. d'Artagnan." Probably the writer refers to a new edition of the "Mémoires," but he neglects to say so. In point of fact the work appeared in Cologne, in 1701—barely thirty years after the date of the death of d'Artagnan as depicted by Dumas. The work was edited by Courtilde Sandras. An English translation in three volumes by R. Nevill appeared in 1903.

There has never been any question as to the fact that Dumas made free use of the life of the actual d'Artagnan. Indeed he so stated in his preface to "The Three Musketeers," but whimsically confused the matter by alluding also to a quite imaginary "Mémoir du Comte de la Fère" (Athos). Auguste Macquet's name was joined on the title-page as co-author with Dumas of "The Three Musketeers." Now Macquet was the best known and ablest of Dumas's literary aids and it is notorious that he had several. It is believed that Macquet called Dumas's attention to the "Mémoires" as a mine of material. From it he drew not only all four of the famous brothers-in-arms but also the type of the arch-villainess "Miladi." But, although the original d'Artagnan was a great soldier and knew camp and court thoroughly, it took Dumas's vivacity, skill in narrative and swift action to bring down to our days the deeds of Athos, Porthos, Aramis and d'Artagnan.

It has always been a puzzling question why Dumas, by skipping to "Twenty Years After," left the adventures of d'Artagnan untold during what must have been an exciting part of his career. Lately two French writers, (Féval and Lassez), hit on the audacious literary device of writing that part themselves and basing their story on alleged newly discovered memoirs that covered the period.

➤➤*Toward the World Court*

ELIHU ROOT'S formula for making the United States Senate's fifth reservation about the World Court acceptable to the members of the Court has been approved by the committee of jurists to which it was submitted, has been rephrased and has been communicated to the Government of the United States at Washington.

The formula provides that any request for an advisory opinion reaching

Underwood

KING GEORGE TAKES AN AIRING AT BOGNOR, ENGLAND

The King and Queen Mary on his first day out-of-doors since his illness

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the Court shall be submitted to the United States. If the United States objects, proceedings will be stayed for an exchange of feelings. If after that exchange the United States still objects, it can exercise its power to withdraw without implication of unfriendliness.

Apparently this arrangement is not going to reconcile all the irreconcilables. Mr. Borah believes that it does not meet the purposes of the Senate reservation. But there will be plenty of time for discussion. This formula will not be acted upon by the United States until it is referred to the members of the Court. It is doubtful, therefore, whether it can come officially before the Senate until the regular session of Congress convenes next December.

▸▸*Germany Against Gas*

THE GERMANS, who introduced gas into modern warfare at Ypres in 1915, have signed the Geneva protocol, prohibiting its use in the future. Cynical critics will recall that Germany was already pledged to shun gas when war broke out in 1914. More realistic men will remember that disarmament of Europe is the strongest plank in the foreign affairs platform of the Reich and that abolition of an effective arm from the arsenal of future combatants is a step toward the goal. The Versailles Treaty left Germany disarmed and promised that the Allied nations would put aside their weapons as soon as the move was feasible. Thus far, however, Germany has seen few practical evidences of a desire to disarm upon the part of her former enemies. Abolition of gas from warfare is, therefore, a practical and realistic step toward German security, however much humane motives may have entered into the equation.

▸▸*Foch, Man and Commander*

WITH HIS DEATH Ferdinand Foch, marshal of France, has joined that small group of military commanders whose fame is immortal and grows with the years. Unlike most of the others in that group, however, Foch was not a conqueror. He did not engage in war for its own sake or for the sake of personal domination. In his career he proved that military genius need not be militaristic. He was not the master of the people whose forces he commanded, but their servant. And when the War ended he retired to comparative obscurity.

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MARSHAL FERDINAND FOCH

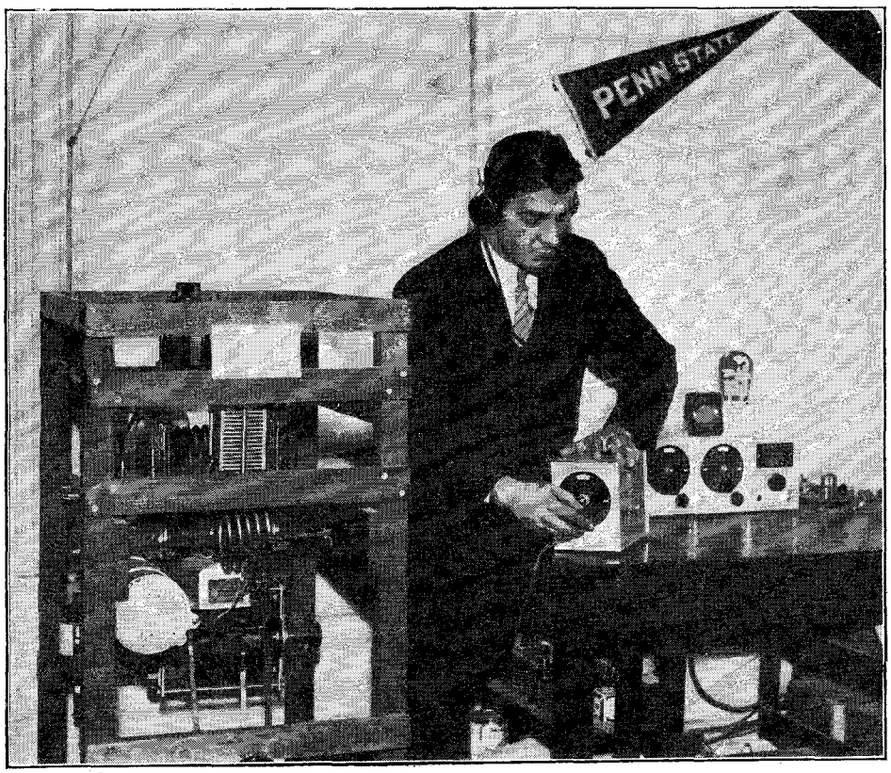
The gallant French warrior whose death recently occurred in Paris

Compared with the forces over which he held supreme command and the territory over which those forces extended, the armies and the operations of Napoleon seem small. Whether he had any such creative genius as Napoleon had in strategy is a question for military experts to discuss and perhaps decide; but he had military genius in a high degree and he encountered conditions which no such conquerer as Alexander, Cæsar or Napoleon could have conceived. His genius consisted in applying principles of military strategy to these unprecedented conditions and through them forcing a military triumph.

It is not likely, so far as we of this generation can see, that there will be another Genghis Khan or even another Napoleon. Whatever wars there may be in the future will probably be wars not of individual conquerers but of peoples. The world really will be fortunate if it does not need again to employ military genius; but if it does it will do well to take Foch as an example of the type of commander that it will need.

He had no joy in war for itself. It was war that took from him his only son and the husband of one of his daughters. He bore his sorrows with reserve. In this he was but one of the people of France. But he was indomitable. It was his division that made the attack in the first Battle of the Marne and turned the invaders backward. But when the victory was won he wanted no more fighting.

There is some bitterness in Germany



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IN TOUCH WITH BYRD AND THE ANTARCTIC

Fred M. Link operating his amateur station W2ALU through which he and his partner have been able to keep in touch with the Byrd expedition

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still because of the scornful way with which the Germans feel he received the German emissaries at the negotiations of the Armistice. But the people of Germany as well as the people of France and of all other countries involved rest under an obligation to Foch for his insistence that fighting should cease. In that decision Marshal Foch had the strong support of the American representative, General Bliss. Marshal Foch had no ambition to enter Berlin at the head of a victorious host. The objects of the War he felt had been won as far as military operations could win them. The rest he left to statesmen.

There were civilians in the Allied countries who wished that the military victory had been more nearly complete or at least more dramatically sealed, but in this Foch too set an example for future generations.

▶▶The Siege of Mazatlan

THE CENTER of immediate interest in the Mexican civil war changed ten days ago from Torreon to Mazatlan. The Pacific seaport was held by the Federal forces at that date, but had been subjected to severe assaults by the rebels. It was obvious that a Federal advance northward from Torreon was unwise so long as the possession of an important place like Mazatlan, some two hundred and fifty miles southwest of Torreon, was insecure. As we write Calles is moving reinforcements to Mazatlan.

Anything like a general victory for the rebels seems extremely improbable to any one who knows the difficulty of railway traffic in northern Mexico. So long as the Federals hold Torreon they are at the center of rail communication in all directions except to the west coast, and unless they lose Mazatlan that flank is secured. It is true that sources of information from the revolting armies continue hopeful and boastful, even since they have evacuated Torreon; but, unless there are new outbreaks in southern Mexico, their only course would seem to be a long fighting retreat, which might well continue to give trouble because of the increasing distance of the Federal forces from their base. Thus the war may be prolonged but hardly won by the forces of revolt.

No one leader has been pre-eminent in this rebellion. J. M. Aguirre, executed in the Mexican fashion, failed at Vera Cruz; Escobar and Caraveo hold command in the north. The origin and cause of the revolt are somewhat obscure; probably the best view is that it is, as Mr. Aikman called it in last week's Outlook and Independent, "a generals' war," in which jealous and dissatisfied officers hoped to find an outlet for their political ambitions.

▶▶Lawyers Encamped

WHATEVER ELSE President Hoover may do as a result of his proposed law enforcement inquiry and prohibition program, he has succeeded in dividing the lawyers of the country into two camps. In New York and other cities have sprung up organizations of lawyers in opposition to imposition of the jail penalties provided for prohibition violators in the Jones Law. In the National Capital has been born an association which proposes to recruit the best legal minds behind the President's demand for more drastic and successful enforcement of all laws.

The proposed plan for formation of a United States Bar Association is a direct answer to the anti-Jones Law committee organized in New York by Frederick R. Coudert, Jr., and his associates. While Mr. Coudert's body seeks to instruct juries not to return verdicts of guilty under the Jones Law, the new legal association will strive to remind lawyers that they are officers of the court and as such in duty bound to aid in the enforcement of all laws, regardless of personal sentiment.

There is, it would seem, no compromise between the two legal organizations. The Coudert committee feels the dry laws have not the moral sanction of public sentiment, and do not occupy the same high places as the other statutes which, as officers of the court, they aid in enforcing. The new United States Bar Association believes that, irrespective of individual preference, one law is as sacred as another so long as it remains on the statute books.

William R. Vallance, assistant solicitor of the State Department, who is credited as the originator of the idea for the new legal organization, admits it was formed to uphold Hoover's hands. Yet he insists that he and his fellows view prohibition enforcement from its legal rather than its moral aspect. Despite some misgivings that formation of such a body may act to stifle justifiable protests, Mr. Vallance says that his organization has no such purpose in mind.

He seems to feel that a law which a large part of the public demonstrably holds to be contrary to common sense and moral sentiment, which are obviously righteous, requires the same allegiance as statutes. Proof of the pudding must await its baking, however, and meanwhile we must content ourselves with Mr. Vallance's explanation of the reasons for the formation of the new bar association.

"President Hoover's law enforcement program," he explained, "will necessitate additional courts, new judges and new United States District Attorneys. Moreover, existing governmental machinery must be reorganized to function more efficiently, and for all this more money will be required.

"To carry out such a constructive plan, the President should have the whole-hearted co-operation and organized effort of the best legal minds in the country. It is our hope that through the projected organization we may have some part in making a constructive contribution to the President's program.

"The aim of the organization is the

Remarkable Remarks

A Church is not a political party, nor a convenient social club, nor yet a contrivance for keeping exploded superstitions in cold storage.—DR. S. PARKES CADMAN.

Birth control is undoubtedly the worst vice of the present day.—REV. J. A. MCCLOREY.

There are more Christians who believe in the cruiser bill than there are who believe in the anti-war pact. —REV. C. EVERETT WAGNER.

The United States is the greatest neutral in the world.—BAINBRIDGE COLBY.

If you want to find true satisfying happiness, go to what are called the middle classes, or even the lower class.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

Those who are madly in love in nearly all cases defeat their own ends by their own uninteresting behavior.—BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A demure old-fashioned girl is like the family Bible. Everybody respects and admires her, but nobody ever thinks of taking her out.—HELEN ROWLAND.

Not yet has it been my good fortune ever to take a young woman to dinner who brought along her own gin. It is always the man who pays and pays and pays.—HEYWOOD BROUN.

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Underwood

FIRST PRIZE

The Duke of Gloucester and the first lion he shot on his recent trip through East Africa

enforcement of all laws, including the Eighteenth Amendment and the laws designed to give effect thereto. It is felt that so long as we are a government of laws and not of men that lawyers, in particular, who take an oath to support the Constitution and the laws of the land, should be glad of an opportunity to lend their support to the President's enforcement program."

▸▸*Mrs. Willebrandt to the Bar*

BEFORE THE LAST Presidential campaign Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt was invited to address the members of the Bar Association of the city of New York. Her activity in that campaign led some members of the New York Bar to request that her invitation to speak be canceled. When the time came for her address, however, she was warmly received despite her intimate connection with two of the most unpopular of Federal laws, the income tax and the Volstead Act. As Mrs. Willebrandt said to her listeners: "If one of my subjects doesn't touch you or pinch you, the other one sure will, for those who are not caught by prohibition find that in the end they do come up against taxation, and seldom is a citizen fortunate enough to escape the toils—perhaps I should not say toils—escape the contact with one or the other of these laws."

Mrs. Willebrandt, the first American woman to address the New York Bar Association, devoted herself to a presentation of the change in the attitude of the Federal Government towards law enforcement. She says that the Government now seeks justice rather than technical victories and she attributes this change to the attitude and character of Attorney-General Mitchell while he served as Solicitor-General.

"His every decision," she said, "is marked by sturdy, intellectual integrity and absolute independence. He is never swayed by argument or expediency. His greatest service to the Nation, I predict, therefore, will be the establishment of the tradition that political considerations and other extraneous considerations have no part in the conduct of the law business of the Government."

She told of the need of re-organization of the Attorney-General's office but pleaded that this change be made with the utmost care.

"To act hastily would add confusion and contribute to delays already intolerable. The real hope, I believe, lies in a quiet and orderly and ultimately complete reorganization of the disjointed legal branches of the Government along the lines of a modern law office. This can be done, but it will take courage and determination. I have observed that it takes all of that and sometimes more to abolish offices and dislodge office-holders in Washington.

"To put the conduct of Federal law business on the efficient basis of a private law office, it will be necessary to trim legal units and consolidate legal duties and unify legal responsibility. In making these necessary eliminations and adjustments, the President and the Attorney-General should have the active support and backing of the entire bar."

▸▸*To Arm the Citizen*

VIOLENT CRIMINALS are well armed, while law-abiding citizens are practically disarmed. This situation Police Commissioner Whalen of New York City deplores. While he does not specifically suggest that arms should be supplied to citizens, he proposes more effectual measures than are now in effect to take arms away from criminals. He wants Federal legislation to supplement the legislation of States to make the disarming of criminals effective.

"The gangsters and other criminals of today have no courage," said Commissioner Whalen recently in an address to the Bronx Board of Trade. "They are all cowards, every one of them. They rely on guns to attack women and children and defenseless men. Without guns they will be in constant fear of giving heed to their criminal inclinations and we shall have no trouble in completely subduing them."

The New York Police Commissioner believes that there is no such number of gang killings as the daily press reports. Murders attributed to gangs are in most cases, he says, the result of private individual quarrels. He went even further and said: "We have no crime gangs as such in this city. There are doubtless many personal feuds which sometimes lead to murder, but we do not know of any organized crime gangs of any kind." Most of the violent crimes in the city he ascribes to bootleggers and highjackers.

The very day that he made these remarks a reformed criminal, active in the Marshall-Stillman movement for the aid of ex-convicts, was shot to death in his apartment with his wife by a fusillade of bullets. He had been charged in a letter by a former convict with "talking too much." It is alleged that in prison

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Wide World

LOST IN THE ANTARCTIC

Harold June, who together with Bernt Balchen and Larry Gould, all members of the Byrd expedition, were missing for days on a trip to the Rockefeller Mountains, where they were finally found by Commander Byrd

he had prevented an escape of fellow convicts. Perhaps Commissioner Whalen does not consider this a gang killing.

Commissioner Whalen's remarks raise the question whether, while disarming criminals, it would not be well for public authorities to provide citizens with arms for self-defense. If the police cannot control violent crime, it may be that for a time we shall have to revert to an era of Vigilantes or to the practices of that period before the police system was instituted when the people provided their own defense against footpads and other enemies. It is evident that crime in this country has presented a problem which the traditional methods of the police have not yet solved.

▸▸*Impeachment Parties*

Out in Oklahoma they make short shrift of unpopular governors. Six years ago it was two-fisted Jack Walton who fell foul of the Legislature's ire. And now Governor Henry S. Johnston has gone the way of Walton. On March 20 a Senate court declared him guilty of general incompetency, and thereby brought to a close a stormy and not unpicturesque gubernatorial career.

Although the Governor's impeachment was voted upon a vague and general count, there were more specific charges against him. He was said to have pardoned a murderer while the man was still a fugitive from justice, and to have illegally issued deficiency certificates to employ various persons, among them a man said to have been a former convict as an important official in the State Banking Department. But two of the sore points in the controversy over the Governor's fitness for office never attained the dignity of formal charges. One was his predilection for asphalt roads instead of the cheaper concrete; the other his leaning upon the advice of Mrs. O. O. Hammonds, his private secretary. Politicians complained that they were referred to this same Mrs. Hammonds again and again when they interviewed the Governor upon important questions. And apparently they objected not so much to her influence itself as to the fact that she was a confirmed believer in Yogi philosophy and Rosicrucianism. In fact, so it is said, they feared that the Governor was in danger of "going Yogi" himself.

Impeachment parties in Oklahoma have not ended with the ousting of Governor Johnston. Thirty-two charges have been reported by a legislative committee against the Chief Justice and two Associate Justices of the State Supreme Court. These three gentlemen aroused the legislators' ire last year when they refused to recognize the constitutionality of the Legislature's self-convened session. The legislators had assembled in Oklahoma City determined to vote impeachment proceedings against the Governor. But Johnston, with some forethought, had barred the doors of the State Capitol with guardsmen. When the legislators appealed to the Supreme Court, they found that its Justices were in agreement with the Governor in the opinion that their special session was unconstitutional. Thereupon the embattled Representatives assembled secretly in a hotel and, in the early hours of the morning, voted to impeach the Governor. The Court's action, however, cast doubt upon the legality of their procedure and they repeated their action when the Legislature convened in regular session.

▸▸*Nobile's Rescuer*

Captain Einar Lundborg, the gallant Swedish airman who rescued General Nobile last May after the wreck of the Italia, is spending two months in the United States. Naturally his arrival, following shortly after the Italian Government's official action in fixing entire blame upon Nobile for the disaster which cost the lives of eleven men, was the occasion for questions. Upon the two exploits which brought him safely back to his base with the Italia's commander and then left him stranded upon the ice floe with the survivors he re-

Acme

NOBILE'S RESCUER VISITS AMERICA

Captain Einar Lundborg, Swedish airman who rescued General Nobile after the crash of the Italia last May, arrived in New York with Mrs. Lundborg on March 22

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fused to comment. But as to Nobile's allowing himself to be taken off first—one of the points upon which the General was censured by his Government—Lundborg was frank in taking full responsibility. He had been ordered to take off the man most important to the rescue parties in guiding their efforts. He decided that Nobile was the man. Although the General protested, his objections were overruled.

Meanwhile, Nobile has resigned his commission as a general officer in the Italian army and retired to the obscurity and disgrace to which his Government's censure has condemned him.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE NOTE a certain quality of indirectness in several of the major movements of the new Administration that arouses our concern and curiosity. The indirection we speak of is not a sign of weakness; it is not the kind of wobbling that wrecked the Harding Administration, nor the lackadaisical streak from which Calvin Coolidge suffered. It is, to our mind, a deliberate and characteristic maneuver. It reminds us of a doctor's attempt to distract a patient's attention while he administers an unpalatable but necessary medicine.

We wish it were not so, even though we will rejoice should Mr. Hoover perform the miracles expected of him. We would prefer that the millennium, if there is to be one—and we are assured there is—march upon us with pennons blowing and bugles blaring rather than stealthily or by the flank. If we are to be reformed inside and out, we would like to see and feel the reformation; we would like to see our wings and halos bud. Even if the millennium is to be mechanical rather than humanistic, we would like to peek at the blueprints and watch the wheels start up. We would not want it to work, like certain kinds of medicine, while we slumber. We realize there is little merit in our protest except that it is a human one and shared by many of our fellows, including, we hear, Calvin Coolidge.

It is no secret, of course, that the former President was often irked by Mr. Hoover's secretarial activity. Now, we understand, he is quietly amused and awaiting the results of all the commotion around the White House. We learn that in discussing unfinished Presidential business with correspondents who trailed him to his well-watched hermitage, he opined he had done no wrong to leave a certain task to his successor. "I thought I'd leave that to the wonder boy," he said dryly. Of all the pert and merry things to fall from the lips of the Northampton sage we prize that the most. It so aptly describes the state of arrested animation in which Washington as well as its vassal states and statesmen live these early and rapturous days.

We seem, for instance, to be going nowhere fast on the question of prohibition enforcement. We had hardly become reconciled to the Waterloo of the wets and to thought of an Augean attempt to dry up the Nation when the

Marcus in The New York Times

Waiter: "What a tip!"

President let it be known that he contemplated nothing drastic or dramatic. With some asperity, we understand, he informed the correspondents that his proposed law enforcement inquiry would *not* be a prohibition venture so much as a seraphic and unsensational study of the American system of justice—and injustice, maybe. We were still nodding our head at the exile of the moist Colonel Donovan and the retention of Mrs. Willebrandt, reading into the winnowing process a determination to place none but godly and flaming drys on guard, when we heard that the lady's rugged virtues and voice were proving distasteful to "the Chief."

There are those who conclude from this backing and filling that Mr. Hoover is losing either his sense of direction or his enthusiasm for the "experiment noble in motive." But if we read him aright, he is pursuing a definite policy. To our mind, he hopes to enshrine the dry laws, so to speak, and drag them down to a level of decent and respectable enforcement. Engineerlike, he believes that moderation should begin in our attitude toward the Volstead Act; in other words, he wants to calm us down. In our opinion, he seeks to shame and surprise us into acceptance.

Mr. Mellon's department offers another shining example of the indirection which intrigues us so. Here, however, we discern a more Machiavellian procedure. We refer to Mr. Mellon's sudden desire to end the secrecy surrounding tax refunds. It was quite incomprehensible to us at first because for many years the venerable Secretary has wept and prayed over the Senate's insistence upon publication. Only a month or so ago the Hoover-Coolidge forces threatened to let the important deficiency measure die rather than accept Senator McKellar's amendment for publication of the details of all refunds exceeding $75,000. Treasury officials called the proposal "the Paul Pry amendment." Now comes Uncle Andrew to beg Mr. Hoover to permit him to give to the press and public the facts on all refunds over $20,000.

We hailed Hoover for reversing his financial representative and unkindly chortled over the Pittsburgher's discomfiture. Not even the assurance that Mellon had acted on his own discouraged us from our cynical cheers. But now we hear that Mr. Mellon's sole idea is to discredit the whole scheme. It is his belief, we are told, that Congress will be flooded with indignant protests when business men see their private affairs bruited about in the headlines. It is, we understand, Mr. Mellon's plan to extend every facility to the press when it comes time to place the refunding data at their disposal, and the Treasury, hitherto an impregnable fortress for the correspondents, will become a mine of information. We dislike to disillusion those who have rejoiced at Mr. Mellon's supposed unselfishness or unseating, but those who resent this dose of realism may derive some comfort from contemplation of the picture of the humorless Mr. Hoover and the shy Mr. Mellon as they put their heads together to frame this invisible joke on the busybodies on Capitol Hill.

A. F. C.

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Men and Medicine

By HOWARD W. HAGGARD

Will this age, in which so many plagues have been vanquished, see the last outposts of disease carried? The author, associate professor of applied physiology at Yale, uses the historical method to demonstrate that the advance of medical science, or even the holding of ground already won, depends now as always "upon the extent to which intellectual courage and humanity prevail against bigotry and obscurantism." His paper is a chapter from a forthcoming book

MODERN science has made the world, and particularly our cities, a far more convenient place in which to live than it was only a generation or two ago. The chemist, the physicist, and the engineer take the proper pride in the fact that their discoveries and inventions have facilitated travel and other forms of human activity and have enormously increased the production of wealth.

The extent of the benefits that they have conferred upon civilization may be estimated by considering the difference that it would make to a city like New York or London if it were suddenly deprived of one or more of these inventions and discoveries. For example, suppose that electricity were abolished. The city would be in darkness, electric trains and elevators stopped, telephones and telegraphs useless, the machinery in many factories still and the streets empty of automobiles. If no substitute form of power could be found, civilization would go back half a century to the pre-electric days. Instead of New York and London as they now are these cities would become again the New York and London of 1875, with oil lamps, buildings only a few stories high and horse cars.

Yet, great as would be the inconvenience involved in the loss of electricity or any other product of physical science, the changes in the conditions of life would be small compared with those which would result from the loss of modern medical science.

Let us consider what would happen to New York or London or any other large city if it were deprived of the protection of medical science. Its civilization would go back not merely fifty years, it would go back five hundred years, if indeed the demoralization and panic at first produced did not destroy the city entirely. The result would not be confined to such inconvenience as the loss of electricity or steam or any of the other products of physical science would occasion. It would be a matter of life and death for the greater part of the inhabitants of every city, large and small.

The pestilences would return. Epidemics would sweep across the country and within a decade the greater part of the population would have been wiped out. Even those advantages which we owe to the physical sciences and to engineering, instead of assisting in protection, would rather contribute to the spread of disease. Not only would great cities dwindle to a fraction of their present size, but in these disease-ridden towns the people would be sickly and generally short lived.

Large sections of the world which are now prosperous would become uninhabitable. Yellow fever would return to Panama and would block traffic through the Canal. Such facilities for travel as the railroad, the steamship and the airplane would spread disease with far greater rapidity than could the stage coach or the sailing ship.

If the measures of preventive medicine were lost, if drinking-water were no longer protected or purified, if the sanitary disposal of sewage were not practiced, and if vaccination were discontinued, every facility for rapid transportation would be equally effective for the rapid spread of disease. Indeed, the population of the country could continue only in sparse and separate communities connected by slow means of transportation.

Diseases now almost forgotten would return to take their place with the existing pestilences. Leprosy would again spread, for the disease has foci in the United States. Surgery would be the rough wound surgery of the ancients. Aseptic obstetrics would be replaced by the medieval midwife or the hospital with an enormous death rate from puerperal fever. Dentistry would be confined to brutal extractions without anesthetics.

It is not mere imagination, but the cold and literal truth, to say that modern civilization and the use of the inventions and discoveries of physical science would be utterly impossible were it not for medical protection. This protection now ranks in importance scarcely behind that of food supply. When any large section of the country suffers from a flood or when a city is destroyed by an earthquake or a hurricane, the first call is for food. But immediately afterward comes the call for medical assistance and for such sanitary control as will prevent epidemic disease.

In spite of the fact that the benefits both of physical science and of medical science are vital to modern civilization, many people take quite different attitudes toward these two essentials. Nearly every one realizes more or less distinctly the advantages accruing from the

BURYING PLAGUE VICTIMS

A London plague poster of the Seventeenth Century. This illustration and those on the succeeding pages are taken from "Devils, Drugs and Doctors," by Howard W. Haggard, which Harper will publish

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telephone, the automobile, the radio and the airplane. Comparatively few, however, appreciate in equal degree the even greater dependence of civilization upon the service of medical science.

The reason why one is appreciated and the other not is probably to be found in the fact that the contribution of the one is positive, and of the other negative. Yet, if a people without automobiles who were scourged with Asiatic cholera could take their choice of having automobiles or being freed from cholera, there can be little doubt which they would choose.

On this ground we owe more to science for freeing us from cholera than for giving us automobiles. This is no fanciful comparison. Repeatedly during the Nineteenth Century Asiatic cholera spread over the United States and took a toll of thousands of lives. Throughout the Nineteenth Century in the Southern States of this country and in the seaports of the North yellow fever was a continual menace. Both pestilences have been eradicated in this country. But the man of the Twentieth Century fails to appreciate fully the benefit that he derives. He simply accepts it and forgets that these diseases ever existed here. He is oblivious to the idea that they could return. His appreciation of medical science is to a great extent limited to an ardent desire for the elimination of the diseases which still afflict mankind.

Unfortunately, in many cases the attitude toward medical science is not merely one involving a lack of enthusiasm and an indifference to benefits conferred, but is rather one of active opposition. The anti-vaccinationists, for instance, oppose one of the most essential and best proved measures of preventive medicine; and it is due to them that smallpox persists. The anti-vivisectionists oppose medical investigation both for the winning of new knowledge and for the application of knowledge already won. The adherents of cult-healing advocate the abolition of all medical science. Although they are a minority of the voting population, they are an active minority who take advantage of the indifference of the majority of our people. They continually introduce laws obstructing medical science and at every opportunity create difficulties for the legal maintenance of medical control. Through their activity the compulsory vaccination laws have already been repealed in two States, with the result that most of the smallpox in the United States is now found in these States. Unfortunately, smallpox does not respect State lines or remain where legislation favors it. The complete eradication of smallpox in the United States is thus prevented.

HIPPOCRATES

Under his guidance medicine was separated from religion

Many of the people who are opposed to medical science still cling to the ancient philosophies of primitive medicine which are deeply rooted in human character. They do not refuse all forms of healing; what they object to is the principle or philosophy of modern medicine. Such people accept and adapt themselves to the material conditions of modern life, which are the products of physical science, but they have not kept pace with the changing philosophies of modern life. They are merely savages riding in automobiles.

There are two philosophies of medicine: the primitive or superstitious, and the modern or rational. They are in complete opposition to one another. The former involves the belief that disease is caused by supernatural forces. Such a doctrine associates disease with sin; it is an aspect of religion which conceives disease as due to certain forms of evil and attempts to control them by ceremonial and superstitious measures or to drive them away by wishful thinking.

On the other hand, rational medicine is based on the conception that disease arises from natural causes; it associates sickness with ignorance. Civilized man tries to control the forces causing disease by material, not spiritualistic, means; he does not view disease as supernatural or the outcome of sin against moral laws, but rather as resulting from the violation of sanitary laws. He recognizes that knowledge is the sole means of preventing it. The measures he relies upon both to prevent and to cure disease are those which have resulted from scientfic investigation and which have been proved to be effective by experience.

Primitive medicine is still the medicine of the inhabitants of many countries. Millions of people today, in time of illness, look to their priests and gods rather than to the health officer and medical science. To many people, even in civilized countries, there is something mysterious about disease. Rational medicine seeks to remove this element of mystery.

But rational medicine is very recent in man's experience; it is a feature of advanced civilization, and civilization is new. Man has lived on the earth two or three million years, whereas even the beginnings of civilization date back only a few thousand years. For example, the Egyptian and Babylonian records show that only five thousand years ago human sacrifices were made by the priest-physicians to placate the angry gods of disease. The man of prehistoric times, only twenty-five thousand years ago lived by hunting with stone knives and arrow heads. His medicine-man made rough drawings on the walls of

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caves to drive away the evil spirits of disease.

Now this prehistoric man is the ancestor of modern civilized man. Although we do not know his entire history, we do know his emotions and his reactions to the hazards of life. For, in spite of the fact that civilization has altered man's surroundings, it has not changed his essential nature. Modern man is still largely controlled by instinctive beliefs and impulses developed in primitive man a million years ago, and these instincts and impulses, with their accompanying emotions, are now embodied in the very structure of the human nervous system.

Thus rational medicine involves the rejection of deeply rooted primitive beliefs. It is a development of civilization which better than any other measures man's intellectual advancement. When civilization progresses rational medicine largely replaces primitive medicine; when civilization deteriorates the opposite is true. The transition from primitive to rational medicine is seen in many ancient civilizations. The prophet Moses drew up a rational sanitary code for the Hebrews, but it is typical of the stage of civilization that the Jewish people had then reached that Moses built his sanitary code into their religion. Sanitation became a religious observance and the priests were sanitary police.

The ancient Greeks effected the first complete separation of medicine from religion. Prior to this separation Greek medical treatment was under religious control; Æsculapius was the God of healing. As medicine developed, the temples in which he was worshiped became sanitoria where the sick were cared for. The priests treated disease by such practical measures as rest and diet, but they wisely assumed no responsibility; they held that the will of the gods determined the success or failure of their treatment.

In the Fifth Century before Christ a drastic reform in this temple cult of healing was brought about by Hippocrates, the greatest of all physicians. Under his guidance, medicine for the first time was separated from religion. He relieved the gods of the responsibility for disease and placed it squarely upon the shoulders of man. The will of the gods no longer served to cover man's ignorance; man's condition became man's problem and he must find the solution for himself. The history of medicine from Hippocrates to the present time is the record of the extent of man's acceptance of this responsibility.

Hippocrates did more than separate medicine from religion; he gave rational medicine the general form it holds today. He laid down certain principles

GALEN

Roman physician of the Second Century A. D. whose beliefs became the orthodox medicine of subsequent centuries

of science upon which modern medicine is built. These principles are in substance:

1. There is no authority except facts.
2. Facts are obtained by accurate observation.
3. Deductions are to be made only from facts.

Hippocrates was the first physician to differentiate diseases. Prior to his time all sickness was one great disease, and no significance was given to the varying symptoms; they were simply indicative of a single general abnormal condition. Hippocrates, however, recognized that certain symptoms were associated and that in patients with a particular association of symptoms the disease followed a different course from that in patients with another combination of symptoms. He realized, for instance, that a young man who was weak, whose pale and hollow cheeks showed a hectic flush, and whose gaunt frame was shaken by a racking cough was in no immediate danger of dying. Hippocrates saw that such a man would die slowly unless he went to the hills beyond the city and rested in the sunshine. Today physicians call the same condition tuberculosis and recommend the same treatment that Hippocrates prescribed.

Again, Hippocrates perceived that a man with high fever, pain in the chest, and delirium would not die slowly like the young man whom he had sent to the hills to recuperate, but would in all likelihood die within a few days or else abruptly start to recover. He prescribed, under those circumstances, cooling and nourishing drinks, fresh air and rest in bed. The descriptions of diseases that Hippocrates has left were based on keen and careful observation; they stand today as models of their kind. After his time such accurate observations were not made in medicine for eighteen centuries.

Hippocrates attempted to turn medical thought away from speculation and toward accurate observation and common sense. He said: "To know is one thing; merely to believe one knows is another. To know is science, but merely to believe one knows is ignorance." It was a difficult path that he pointed out for medicine to follow, since it involved intellectual honesty. Only the highest types of men have the intelligence, the independence, the honesty, and the courage to admit their errors and to seek without bias after the truth. Hippocrates recorded his failures for the guidance of future physicians as freely as he did his successes.

Hippocrates lived in the period of the highest achievements of Greek intellect in art, literature, government, and science. He lived in the age of Pericles and but a short time before Plato and Aristotle. After this period civilization deteriorated, and the deterioration is shown most strikingly in the realm of medicine. The impetus

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given to medicine by Hippocrates carried it on for centuries, but as civilization declined this impetus was lost. Progress was hindered by speculations which displaced observation and clear reasoning. Physicians were divided into groups or schools which held different theories of disease and its treatment. These rival schools were more interested in making converts for their dogmas than they were in seeking honestly for the truth.

Three hundred years after Hippocrates, Corinth was destroyed and Greek medicine migrated to Rome. There in the person of Galen, who lived in the Second Century A.D., the medicine of Hippocrates was partially revived, but it was the last period of enlightenment for many centuries. Galen did not have the genius of Hippocrates, nor his clarity of thought and intellectual honesty. He was an active physician and an egotistical one. He did not record his medical failures, but only his successes, which were often clever and showy.

Galen performed experiments, and therein lies his claim to medical distinction, but his work is overlaid with dogma and with theories derived from mere speculation. If the young man with tuberculosis had come to Galen instead of to Hippocrates, the simple truth would not have been told, nor would the simple treatment of rest in the sunshine have been prescribed. Galen would have made an elaborate diagnosis, and would have explained the disease according to his own speculative theory. He would have said that it belonged to the category of diseases with too much moisture and cold, a maladjustment of the humors. While he would have prescribed rest in the sunshine he would also have prescribed medicines concocted from many herbs. Such medicine was intended to correct the coldness and moisture and to readjust the humors. If the patient lived, Galen would have given the credit to his medicaments and not to the rest and sunshine.

THE SKELETON FROM PARE'S "SURGERY"

Drawn in the same century that Vesalius did his anatomical work. It shows a great advancement over the knowledge displayed in the illustration above

THE SKELETONS OF A MEDIEVAL DEATH DANCE

Revealing the inaccurate knowledge of anatomy before the time of Vesalius

Galen wrote voluminously on medical subjects; he spoke with an impressive positiveness on matters on which neither he nor any one else had any real knowledge; he thus disregarded the warning of Hippocrates that "to believe one knows is ignorance." Sufficient knowledge had not then been accumulated about the human body or its diseases to support sound theories. Dissection of the human body was forbidden among the Greeks and Romans. But Galen refused to admit deficiency of knowledge and evolved elaborate theories which gave plausible but usually erroneous explanations for every phenomenon and specious answers to every question. His writings obtained great authority and his theories became dogmas. His extensive use of drugs and his beliefs about disease became the orthodox medicine of subsequent centuries. They completely obscured the simple principles of Hippocrates.

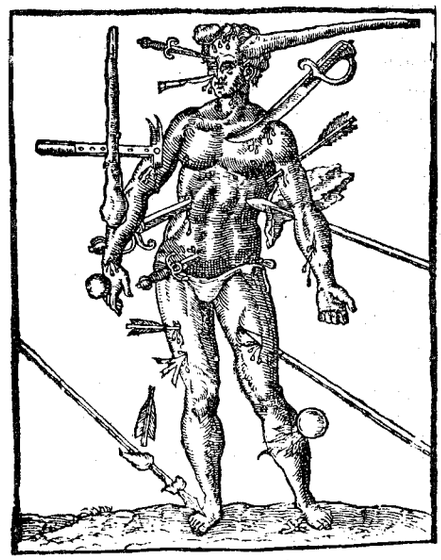
After Galen's time the Roman Empire declined. Even before Rome finally fell the deterioration of civilization was rapid, likewise the deterioration of medicine. Physicians became more and more ignorant, dogmatic, and mercenary, and the venders of quack remedies increased in number and prominence. Dealers in magic, professional poisoners, and courtesans who peddled drugs became familiar figures in Rome. Medicine ceased altogether to be a science and became an affair of salves and poultices, talismans and spells.

When in the Fifth Century the Roman Empire fell at the hands of the barbarians, rational medicine ceased altogether in Europe. Although the Christian religion survived, the Christian theology of that time denied liberty of conscience and taught superstition and dogma. It was bitterly hostile to the scientific spirit. All knowledge necessary to man's salvation, physical as well as spiritual, was to be found in the Bible as the Church interpreted the Bible. Since the teachings of the Church were supposed to be sufficient for all needs, there was no excuse for observations and experimental investigations.

The inquisitive spirit was wholly suppressed, the rigorous methods of Greek logic were for many centuries lost from European civilization and intelligent thought was replaced by revelation, speculation, tradition and subservience to the written word of the Bible, to the writings of the saints, and later, in medical matters, to the work of Galen. The theological beliefs of the time became the controlling influence in Western civilization.

While men's minds were filled with thoughts of sin, death, judgment and the after life, the health of the body

(*Please Turn to Page 558*)



THE WOUND MAN

A sixteenth-century first-aid chart showing the location and nature of wounds which the soldier might receive in battle

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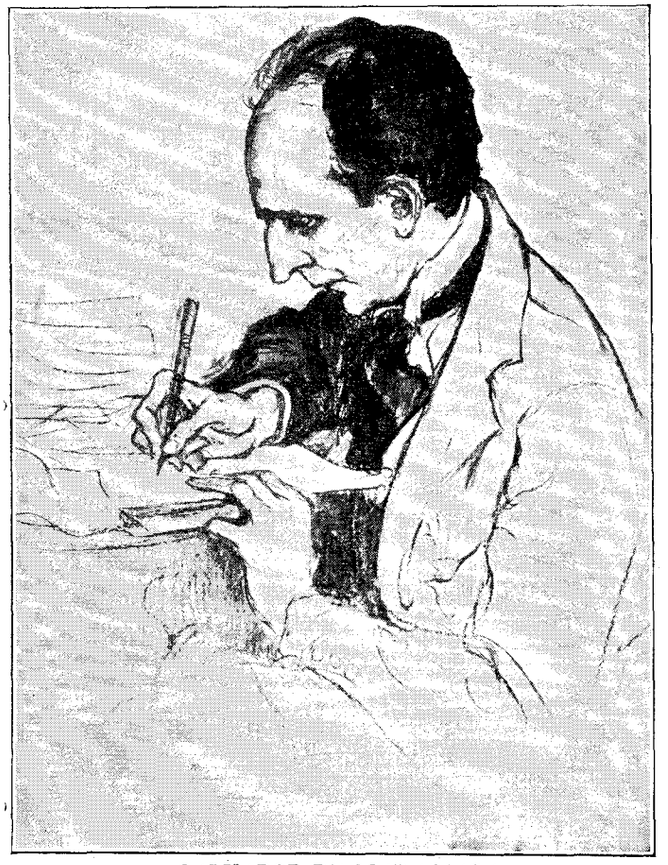
The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Three Good Books

The Memoirs of a Gothic American. By Anne Kavanagh-Priest: Macmillan. Published March 29. $2.50.

THIS American who chooses ironically to call herself "Gothic," would no doubt have titled her book "The Education of Nellie Parsons" if she had not been prevented by the somewhat bitter modesty which pervades her work and which would have betrayed her ancestry and upbringing if she had chosen to conceal them. As "The Grandmothers" was a Middle Western, so is this a feminine "Education of Henry Adams." The Gothic American is a woman of sixty whose memories center in a vanished scene. The Vermont homestead was a place where "by instinct, habit, inclination and environment" the Parsons family were "still in the old naïve Arcadian stage where personal worthfulness, honor, talent, skill, productive and strictly honest labor, neighborliness, distrust of personal display, self-restraint, zeal for moral and intellectual advancement, disinterested concern for the nation's needs, and respect for social contract," in other words, every quality now outmoded "were the recognized if not always the ruling ideals." The child who grew up there was the product of interesting heredity and invaluable training. The woman, looking back upon her, analyses the struggle of adolescence, the conflicts of passionate intellectualism with complicated home ties, of free spirit with limited opportunity, paints a noble portrait of an emergent soul. But more than that by her re-creation of the past and the figures from it and her constant moving backwards and forwards between the child that was and the woman who is, the staunch and high-minded Gothic American becomes a critic of American life as it has been, is and may be quite as sound and perhaps by birth more deeply involved and more worthy of attention than many highly regarded Renaissance or Modern Americans. Mrs. Priest's memoirs should not have been given the "novel" tag. However excellent her characterizations, however strong and unaffected her descriptive passages, however well directed her emotion, still her book has not the narrative quality. It should be read in and at, not straight through like a novel. And it will be so read by the fortunate readers into whose hands it falls. To this reviewer, not profoundly impressed by the extra-biological achievements of her sex, the discovery of such a woman as Anne Kavanagh-Priest is heartening.



SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

His "Disarmament" has just been published by Coward-McCann

Belphégor. By Julien Benda. Translated by S. J. I. Lawson: Payson & Clarke. $2. Published March 23. This book would be worth owning if only for the brilliant introduction by Irving Babbitt which discusses Benda's polemic with such penetration as to leave little for a reviewer to say. Benda, introduced to American readers by "The Treason of the Intellectuals," published last fall, is a stalwart opponent of certain modern tendencies, especially such as are evidenced in the arts and in the public's attitude toward them. He is the foe of Rousseauism and, more immediately, of Bergsonism. The conclusion reached in "Belphégor," addressed to French readers, before the War, is applicable enough, here and now. It is an attack upon the prevalent "thirst for immediacy" and for "emotion through art." This cult has developed in France, according to M. Benda, because of the decadence of society (society in its youth being "firm and severe"), the influence of the Jews (M. Benda, a Jew himself, separates them, with considerable acumen, into the worshipers of Jehovah and of Belphégor) and the lowering of cultural standards, due to obvious causes. Change "decadence of society," to which we can scarcely pretend, although we have pseudo-decadent groups, to industrialism and reaction from puritanism, and you will find the same causes operating here. That which Benda describes as the decay of the intellect we prefer to call the effeminization of the intellect such as an industrial society tends to induce. Its results are to be seen in the popularity of the cult of the subjective, of psychoanalysis, of intuition as against reason, of blurred outlines. The stream-of-consciousness novelists, the historians, biographers, critics and philosophers who strive for emotional rather than intellectual effect in their work, the outpouring, non-selective autobiographers—all these reflect the tendencies which M. Benda deplores. They have their audience in the public which demands that "art shall present the individual soul in its elementary

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state," that "the artist shall live the emotion he creates and not rise above it by means of his understanding," that "all art shall be moving," and so forth. It is possible to disagree with M. Benda. It is even possible to accuse him of an emotional approach, himself. But it is not possible to read his book without interest and profit.

A Native Argosy. By MORLEY CALLAGHAN: Scribner. $2.50.

MORLEY CALLAGHAN, whose talent was demonstrated in "Strange Fugitive," published last summer, writes so much like Ernest Hemingway that the work of one might appear over the other's signature without surprising any but the most careful reader. And, if you care to turn to Sherwood Anderson's best stories, in any modern anthology, you will find there the immediate ancestor of both Callaghan and Hemingway, though, of course, the common family tree is much longer than that. In the finding of such resemblances there is no disparagement. Like most lively literary periods ours has developed certain well-marked schools of writing. A moderately critical reader can fit a new writer into his proper school upon seeing, if not his first, certainly his second book. To the radical or protesting school, Callaghan belongs. That school celebrates the common man as against the hero, tending to select his rudest examples and to find no woman chaste and no man strong. And it also, acting upon the debatable but by no means absurd belief that the English language is no longer the suitable medium of expression for our polyglot consciousness, aspires to crystallize the American tongue.

In "Strange Fugitive," Callaghan showed what he could do with a harsh, fierce narrative. The very violence of his theme as much as the undoubted skill with which he handled it attracted attention. In the fourteen short stories in "A Native Argosy," he tries an entirely able hand at the character-incident sketch; and in the two long stories, "An Autumn Penitent" and "In His Own Country," he writes sombre, slow-moving tragedy and ironic comedy. His characters, situations and conflicts are typically American; and his style perfectly appropriate to them, compact, colloquial, hard, fresh and full of color. At present, his field, like Hemingway's, is limited—limited to the size of a peephole. But within it he is a master.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Week's Reading

The Reading Interests and Habits of Adults. By WILLIAM GRAY AND RUTH MONROE: Macmillan. Published March 26. $3.50.

ACCORDING to the findings of these investigators, as recorded in this extremely useful book, college graduates read two newspapers a day, three magazines a month and twenty books a year; and they read selectively. And grade-school graduates seldom read books through and swallow all that the papers tell them. More people are reading all the time, and so much is being published that all this reading may have a profound effect on American social life, "if desirable in type and intelligently read." The fact is, it already has a profound effect, desirable and intelligently read or not. This book about what adult Americans read, and why, should be in the libraries of every one interested both in the publication and distribution of reading matter and in the welfare of his fellows.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms, Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.,
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd;
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company.

Fiction

The Bishop Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine: Scribner. Philo Vance (by the Well-Dressed Man out of Noah Webster) and the long-suffering police solve some mathematical murders. Reviewed Feb. 27.

This Strange Adventure, by Mary Roberts Rinehart; Doubleday, Doran. The story of a woman's life against the changing background of the last half-century; a serious and sympathetic venture in the delineation of the American woman and her problems.

Mamba's Daughters, by Du Bose Heyward: Doubleday, Doran. A rich melodramatic story, the contrast of old and new Charleston and two memorable negro characters make this an interesting and moving novel. Reviewed Feb. 6.

The Case of Sergeant Grischa, by Arnold Zweig: Viking Press. Generally considered the best novel of the war. The story of a Russian prisoner and the lives on which his life impinged.

Expiation by Elizabeth: Doubleday, Doran and Co. This subtle, witty and urbane story of a woman who paid and paid is one of Elizabeth's best. Reviewed Feb. 16.

Non-Fiction

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

The Cradle of the Deep by Joan Lowell: Simon and Schuster. This is an amusing yarn, said to be autobiographical, of a girl brought up on a sailing vessel. Reviewed last week.

Elizabeth and Essex, by Lytton Strachey: Harcourt, Brace. A magnificent historical essay written in precise and living prose. Reviewed Dec. 26.

The Magic Island, by W. B. Seabrook: Harcourt, Brace. We hear that this vivid account of voodoo in Haiti should be taken with a grain of salt. It is lively reading for all that. Reviewed Jan. 9.

Believe It or Not, by Robert L. Ripley: Simon and Schuster. Discussable, no doubt, but not as literature.

Into the Wind. By RICHARD WARREN HATCH: Macmillan. $2.00. Published March 26. Reviewed by J. DANA TASKER.

TWO MILE a century ago was a typical New England coast town. On the farms there was enough drudgery to breed hatred of life, and in the shipyards and the harbor there was enough romance to inspire ambition. As the eldest son, Young John Bradford was expected to assume his father's place on the farm. But he rebelled against the idea, as Bradfords before him had seldom done. When he finally signed on for a whaling trip, he discovered that the life of the sea was hard and bitter, no more desirable than the routine he had tried to escape. After deserting the ship, it was a long year later before his pride would allow him to return home. There eventually he married and settled down, dividing his time between the farm and the shipyards, gradually assuming his inevitable place in the family that it was his duty to perpetuate.

In thus molding his principal character half according to the historic truth of the soil and half according to the timeless spell of the sea, Mr. Hatch seizes upon a fundamental quality in both early and present day New England life. The whole effect of "Into the Wind" absorbs the infrequent evidence that it is a first novel.

Babes and Sucklings. By PHILIP WYLIE: Knopf. Published March 29. $2.50. Reviewed by E. M. BENSON.

THIS BOOK is as vibrant as a plucked string. It has real honest-to-goodness *joie de vivre* in its vitals. Philip Wylie does for the American novel what Philip Barry is doing for the American stage. He is a New Yorker to his shoestrings: brilliant, extraordinarily wise, lusty and honest about emotions and ideas, sardonic but never excoriating. He divests his characters of their motives as a child undresses a doll. What you have left are men and women stark naked quivering before you. The dynamic grandeur, the wholesome gallantry of Michael; the vile, feline and nefarious Gerry; their friends. With-

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out having known them we should have lost a vital experience. There is enough material in Philip Wylie's beautifully integrated novel to make a score of best-sellers.

Liv. By KATHLEEN COYLE: Dutton. Published March 29. $2.50. Reviewed by E. M. BENSON.

WHEN A PASTOR'S DAUGHTER leaves Norway to seek "life" in Paris, we may generally expect her to do one of two things: she will either be swallowed up by a great love and become a permanent expatriate; or she will timorously flee the reality of this predicament, as Liv Evensen did, and return, after two whole days, to the fjords that suckled her. Had Liv been a stronger person her choice might have been different. As it was, she preferred Norway's iridescent idealisms. As her Aunt Sonja elliptically puts it, "It is better, I think, to stay where we belong . . . where even the trees know us."

The first half of the book held out great promises. But in the second half Kathleen Coyle falls short of them. The growing crescendo of Liv's departure is told with a sentient grace. One feels the pulsations behind each phrase; the nervous energy subdued to tranquillity that has gone into the writing. The author, from that point, was caught in a net of her own weaving.

AMONG THE BOOKS recently published and received too late for detailed review are:

Leaders of the French Revolution. By J. M. THOMPSON: Appleton.

THERE ARE a great many books on the French Revolution being written just now. Thompson's short biographical sketches of some of the leaders will not add to the scholar's information on the period but they should give pleasure and satisfaction to the general reader.

The Life of Alcibiades. By E. F. BENSON: Appleton.

THE SOURCES of our information about Alcibiades whom Mr. Benson describes as "one of the most gifted and unprincipled men who ever lived" are open to all readers. But so paradoxical a character naturally attracts the modern biographer, especially as we have considerable information about the formative years of Alcibiades's life, and Mr. Benson's interpretation is interesting and somewhat novel.

(*Please Turn to Page 554*)

Readers and Writers

By ERNEST BOYD

"THE Exquisite Tragedy: An Intimate Life of John Ruskin" (Doubleday Doran), by Mrs. Amabel Williams-Ellis, turns out to be a book which was published in London a few months ago under the less flamboyant title of "The Tragedy of John Ruskin." If the use of the fatal word "intimate" and the hope engendered by the adjective "exquisite"—did we not have as a best seller "The Exquisite Perdita"?—send readers to this able and dignified study of an interesting and tragic figure all will be forgiven the ingenuity so adjectivally displayed for the benefit of transatlantic customers. This wine needs no such bushel.

Perhaps it does, after all, for Ruskin is hardly a name to conjure with in these States. His centenary was observed with due solemnity in England ten years ago, but the event did not cause any great excitement in this country. Even the fact that Marcel Proust translated him has not, I fancy, sent many of our Proustians to the original—and to be Proustian is to be a citizen of no mean cult. Ruskin himself would undoubtedly have admired American architecture, and the sunsets of New York might well inspire in him the vast enthusiasm which he felt for Turner. Otherwise, I fear, the American scene would only arouse him to greater invective than that of which he was master, for he was, as Bernard Shaw described him, a Tory oligarch and a Tory Communist. In other words, the combination of political democracy and capitalist individualism in this country would have driven him mad.

Madness was, in effect, his portion before he died, at the age of eighty, a Communist honored by the Prince of Wales on his eightieth birthday. The tragedy which lies between those two statements is the subject of this book. It will be remembered that Ruskin was a comparatively wealthy man. His parents adored him; he was distinguished from the outset of his career. They never could do enough for him; no parents were ever prouder of their son, and no son ever seemed more fortunate in the possession of everything, material or spiritual, that could best foster his talents and his interests. Yet, he regarded his life as a failure, and in the deepest sense it was. Why? So far as a complicated question can be summarily answered, I should say, because his parents did everything in the world for him except leave him alone.

His own description of them is worth quoting: "My parents were—in sort—visible powers of nature to me, no more loved than the sun and the moon; . . . still less did I love God. Not that I had any quarrel with Him or feared Him; but simply found what people told me was His service, disagreeable; and what people told me was His book, not entertaining. I had no companions to quarrel with neither; nobody to assist, and nobody to thank . . . When affection did come, it came with violence utterly rampant and unmanageable, at least by me, who never before had anything to manage."

Too much independence of thought and none of action was another way in which Ruskin described the education and upbringing out of which his final tragedy was compounded. His doting parents encouraged his precocity. By the time he was five he was "sending to the library for his second volume." Mrs. Williams-Ellis says that "his first piece of literary work was a continuation of Miss Edgeworth's story of *Frank, Harry and Lucy,* a tale which he combined with edifying facts out of Joyce's *Scientific Dialogues.* It was prophetic of Ruskin's later career that of this work four volumes were projected and one and a quarter accomplished. He wrote it in a neat imitation of printing." His first poem, "The Needless Alarm" dates from his seventh year. "By nine years old he was writing in the style of Pope, or Young, with incredible, even maddening correctness."

AT AN EARLY AGE his parents accustomed him to traveling abroad on a prolonged tour, and from the time he was fifteen until he was over forty Ruskin went abroad almost every year with his father and mother. "The Ruskins were . . . among the first of the tourists. They traveled for scenery, not for society, and were interested only in the pickled or fossilized parts of the life of the countries which they visited." They traveled, as the author puts it, in a glass bell. Ruskin could observe a great deal but he made no human con-

(*Please Turn to Page 550*)

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Its "Wants" Will Fill Yours

Readers and Writers

(*Continued from* ***Page 549***)

tacts. Even when he went up to Oxford, his family followed him. He won the Newdigate Prize and read his poem in the Sheldonian Theatre. Wordsworth, it so happened, received an honorary degree on that occasion, but Ruskin's father believed that "there were 2,000 ladies and gentlemen to hear the recitation." He himself described his father's joy as tearful and his own condition as being "ineffably conceited and puffed up."

At the age of twenty-nine Ruskin was married off by his parents to a girl of their choice (not his) and seven years later Euphemia left him for Millais. The Pre-Raphaelites were a strange interlude in Ruskin's social and domestic life. His friends up to that time had not often been young and "still less often gay," but the Brotherhood "were careless, they smoked pipes, they shouted and sang songs, in fact, except in their virtue, they were everything that Ruskin was not." The marriage had been one in name only and Ruskin appears to have been greatly relieved by this solution to a problem which merely saddled him with a double allegiance to a wife and to his own family, neither of whom did he love.

It was at this point that he turned away from esthetics to economics and became the Tory oligarch and Tory Communist of Bernard Shaw's description. He began to teach at the Working Men's College and soon was engaged in writing "Unto This Last," the first of his sustained attacks upon the capitalist system of economics. It proved too much for the "Cornhill's" readers and Thackeray was compelled to suspend the series. "The educated and cultured classes," to quote Shaw, "could not bring themselves to believe that he meant what he was saying, and indeed shouting . . . . They were unable to take it in."

Ruskin's practical experiments on behalf of his own theories failed. Once again the love of a woman was driven out of his life. So long as he spoke of art, all was well—until he encountered Whistler!—and he occupied posts of academic dignity. But he knew that he had failed, not only "in his chosen work," as his biographer puts it, "but in every vital relation of life." Before he died he thought: "My Turners seem to have lost something of their radiance." And forty years earlier he was the man who wrote: "There is no wealth but life." James Ruskin, wine merchant, had not provided for his son against that form of poverty.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

ONE of the most engaging qualities of your genuine, Simon-pure Jew is his ability to make fun of what the comic strips depict as the distinguishing traits of his race. Vaudeville patrons have long been aware of this, since before the days of Messrs. Keith and Proctor. David Warfield even made the sport into an art, creating scenes of laughter and tears that contained the subtlest sort of character drawing. Just now, there is no such artist as Warfield playing Hebrew rôles, but in "Kibitzer" now at the Royale Theatre, Edward Robinson, co-author and star, makes a very passable attempt to follow in his footsteps—albeit the imprint is faint, and much of the trail Robinson makes is his own.

Part of the difficulty, perhaps, is that the quality of hokum in "Kibitzer" is inferior compared (at least in memory) to the pure saccharine bunkum of "The Auctioneer." "The Auctioneer" had three dimensions, anyhow. "Kibitzer" has but two—the thickness of reality is completely absent. Much of its drawing power in fact lies merely in its title: "Kibitzer" being a word much used in these parts lately by those gentlemen of the press who are addicted to a little gentle gambling, and earn their living in part by spreading the more amusing incidents of their private lives before an eager public.

As a Kibitzer, Mr. Lazarus, cigar-store proprietor, runs true to form—willing to tell any one else how to play his hand at any time, and in a pinch able even to forget that the hand in question is not his own, but (in this case) his daughter's. For the son of James Livingston, financier, has fallen in love with Lazarus's daughter—and the couple are about to elope. And that is a hand Mr. Lazarus is sure he knows how to play better than either of the young people involved. Particularly since if it is played properly, there can be, instead of a mere elopement, a big wedding plus dress suits and guests, including all his old friends who play pinochle around the rickety table in his down at heel cigar store. So straight to Mr. Livingston, Sr., rushes the Kibitzer, Lazarus, with the good news.

Of course, nobody needs to be told that the young gentleman isn't Mr. Livingston's son at all, but a scoundrel—who happens, in this play, to be the great financier's secretary (in passing, the financier is at least seven feet tall, and keeps all his stocks and bonds in his drawing-room—we don't know about his bed room—along with some house furnishings that look like a dollar down and a dollar a week).

In this setting Mr. Lazarus not only exposes the villain, but also saves the financier's life, and this provides the play with its most humorous situation: viz., how much is Mr. Livingston's life worth, and will Mr. Lazarus profit less or more if he refuses a check in the hand and accepts a half interest in a "market flyer" in Steel?

THE WORKING OUT of the answer to this is in the best tradition of the hokum farce comedy—and provides the rest of the play; which to us was merely an old tale clumsily re-told, but provided Mr. Robinson his opportunity to do his stuff. Visiting buyers may like all of it, if they are weary of musical shows and can still laugh at card games and the re-furbished jokes of the nineties. But we wouldn't ask any one else to see it unless he had a weakness for amusing Jewish caricatures. Mr. Robinson is pretty good at supplying this.

Incidentally, most critics seem to think that the public think it is funny and popular.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Noah's Ark"

MARVELOUS shots of rushing waters, fleeing animals (all in twos) and struggling hosts compensate to a very large extent for the story on which "Noah's Ark" was built.

But do they compensate to the extent that one would want to see the picture? Well—yes and no. To answer the question with any degree of accuracy its propounder would have to arrange an infinite series of personal interviews with readers, and determine their reactions to these desiderata: War stories, in general; the capabilities of Dolores Costello and George O'Brien as speaking actors; the question of what the great flood and the Great War really had to do with each other, and why?

After cross-examining each of you on these and other points, we might conceivably suggest that you would enjoy "Noah's Ark." We aren't sorry that we saw it, but we could have well dispensed with the entire first half of it. In fact, the thought strikes us that this is the very thing you should do. Call up your favorite theatre and ask if "Noah's Ark" happens to be playing there; inquire when it begins and when it ends. By this means you can determine at what hour the middle of it will occur; arrive then, and stay to the finish, and you'll get your money's worth.

All you'll miss will be a few brief bits of first-rate comedy by Gwynn Williams, who hasn't much to do in the last half of the picture except help his father around the Ark. What you'll escape will be a kettlefull of hokum, the like of which hasn't been brewed since "The Fall of a Nation."

"Lady of the Pavements"

TIME WAS that D. W. Griffith put a certain throb into his screen dramas that was seldom achieved by other directors. One felt a warm personal interest in the characters he supervised. One had to feel it. It was one of the outstanding achievements at a time when the movies in general were at a low ebb. In that dark hour, Mr. Griffith seemed to be one of the few directors who knew what his actors should do in a given situation—and who made them do it.

Whatever that gift was; whatever the insight that allowed him the results he used to get, he has lost them. Take "Lady of the Pavements," for example.

Acting in front of Mr. Griffith's battle-scarred megaphone are Lupe Velez, William Boyd, Jetta Goudal, George Fawcett and Albert Conti. Not one of them carries any conviction. The story with which Mr. Griffith had to work, while it was no knock-out, was still passable enough. He gets nothing out of it but suet.

Miss Velez does quite a bit of singing, first and last, and it would be futile to deny that she has a nice, flute-like little voice, well adapted to screen recording. Her vocalizing, however, is not in the least exciting or unusual and far too much is made of it.

We are fed up on pepless pictures and tepid sound effects. Give us action —or give us a rest.

"The Bellamy Trial"

HERE IS a good picture, made from a good story. Well acted, well directed and with some very mediocre talking sequences tacked on it. It must be said that if these had been improved, or else left out altogether, "The Bellamy Trial" would have been a singularly satisfactory picture.

As it is, the job of getting a complicated murder mystery on the screen and making it logical and absorbing has been notably well done. Whenever and wherever "The Bellamy Trial" may be shown it should do excellent business. If you can see it, by all means do so; if you can see it in an unwired theatre, where the vocal portions must be eliminated, so much the better.

We Recommend

The Singing Fool: AL JOLSON and DAVEY LEE still defying those grey skies, with signal success.

The Broadway Melody: An all-talking picture that you positively shouldn't miss.

The Letter: JEANNE EAGELS, O. P. HEGGIE, HERBERT MARSHALL and REGINALD OWEN in SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S vivid tale of the planter's wife who killed her lover.

The Iron Mask: We have called it DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS'S greatest performance and we'll risk a bet that you'll agree.

Sonny Boy: Little DAVEY LEE makes this rather silly picture into something unique in the annals of the screen.

The Flying Fleet: RAMON NOVARRO and a fine cast in the best aviation picture to date —even including "Wings."

Shopworn Angel: RICHARD WALLACE'S superb direction, and the acting of NANCY CARROLL, GARY COOPER and PAUL LUKAS.

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New Operas for Old

By JOHN ALAN HAUGHTON

WITH the first performance in North America of "Fra Gherardo," a three-act opera by Ildebrando Pizzetti, Mr. Gatti-Casazza's list of novelties and revivals at the Metropolitan Opera House, for 1928-1929, stands revealed.

Pizzetti is a mystic, not in the contemplative sense, but as a man whose religion is a sincere belief in a Great Spirit, in the essential goodness of Man and the necessity incumbent upon him for combatting that which is evil, the pantheistic love of all created things. All this is evident in his music. Sincerity is its keynote, Truth, its time-signature, so that even when the result is not of thrilling interest, it inspires respect because of its inherent verity.

For his libretto, he has gone back to his native Parma in the Middle Ages. The original of his main character figures in the records of the Congregation of the Apostles founded in that city in the early years of the Thirteenth Century.

It is always obvious that the orchestra is the composer's main interest, the chorus coming in a close second and the solo voice last. The instrumentation is that of the largest symphony orchestra and even includes a piano though this is never used obtrusively. There is much surge and swell and it is evidently always expressing the will of the composer. He always knows exactly what it is doing.

Of the performance one must say many good things and few bad ones. Mr. Serafin's stage management is on a par with his conducting and that is fine indeed. The movements, grouping and general effect of individuals and chorus and of small groups as well, are carefully thought out and incisive.

Yet in the last analysis, this opera is not a work that is apt to "take." Its excellencies are those which only the musically educated can appreciate. Its story is somewhat overwhelmed by its religious spirit. The characters are admirable but not interesting.

Strauss's "Egyptian Helen" was one of the loudest pieces of dullness ever heard anywhere. The libretto proved futile as to plot and pinchbeck as to characterization. The opera practically ended with the first act. What came later, was completely superfluous, lugged in, both musically and dramatically. Mr. Urban's scenery, while decorative, has no more connection with Egypt than his Arizona set for the second act of "Norma" has with ancient Gaul. Of the costumes, the less said, the better.

Ottorino Respighi's setting of Gerhart Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell," demands consideration. Bill Nye defined classical music as being better than it sounds. A good deal of this score falls into that category. But here, at least, was a philosophic, poetic drama ready to hand. Its characters are all sympathetic and interesting, and its situations, in spite of the commingling of fact and fancy, are perfectly plausible in the theatre. That all of Hauptmann's symbolism and philosophy with which the play teems gets across in the opera, cannot be said. The pace in opera is, *per se,* so much slower than that in drama, that fine-drawn points are difficult to register. Things have to be done on broader lines as in the Greek tragedies, hence, soul stuff can only be hinted at.

"JONNY SPIELT AUF" has been the subject of much acrid discussion. There was a great deal of talk of the "descration" (sic!) of the Metropolitan Opera House by the performing of such a work. One of the company, not in the cast, is said to have exclaimed: "To think that such things should be done on a stage whose proscenium arch contains the names of Beethoven, Gluck, Wagner, Gounod and Verdi!"

The gentleman forgot some of the longueurs of "Fidelio" and "Tannhäuser." He omitted to state that although the name of Gluck appears on the proscenium arch of the Metropolitan, the operas of that mighty Titan are no longer heard upon its stage. He also failed to say that of Gounod's many operas, only two survive and that with due deference to Verdi by no means all of his work ranks with "Falstaff," "Otello" and "Traviata."

We must take "Jonny" for what it is and not for what it may have been intended to be. As long as the score is in jazz tempo, it is delightful tomfoolery. When serious, as in the long-winded monologues of Max and the duet on the glacier, it is without form and void.

Thus it is with the season's four novelties. Conjecturally, "Egyptian Helen" and "Jonny" may last another year. "The Sunken Bell" and "Fra Gherardo" have enough stuff in them for two seasons more. No one of them is likely to shoulder "Aida" or "Meistersinger" off the boards.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

A MOVE toward planes for women is made by the Acostà Airplane Corporation, who announce their intention of building this season a line of amphibian planes for women only. Just what the difference between ladies' and gents' planes should be isn't exactly clear to us, nor does the description of these Acosta planes give us any clue. They will carry two persons and a pilot, with provision for fifty pounds of luggage for each. They can be done in any colors the owner prefers, and the cabin decorations also can be designed by her. They will be built of dural throughout, short, we suppose, for duralumin.

VAL-KILL FURNITURE, fine reproductions of authentic early American pieces, which may be seen in the furniture departments of various large New York stores, is made in what is practically a community furniture shop at Hyde Park, New York, which is owned and conducted by four women, one of whom is Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. The employees are local men and boys who have been taught the fine points of the trade in this combined school and factory, which has now been in operation three years.

WE HAVE SEEN a wheel chair which folds up sideways when not in use—very strongly built, has rubber tires and is comfortable. Would seem to be a good thing in an apartment, where space is a consideration.

AND WHAT do you know about the combination writing desk and piano! After you have written out the checks for the month, open the piano part and exorcise the devils of discontent with a couple of sonatas.

THERE'S A new folding rowing machine which is noiseless, made of aluminum, and is worked with springs. These latter more or less pull you back up after the stroke, and we think that's why we've never liked rowing—because we had to rely on our back muscles for the recovery after the stroke. This machine packs in a suitcase—if that's any advantage to you. You could carry it around with you and then you'd be able just to sit right down and row whenever you felt like it.

WE SEEM to be giving you a little of everything this week, but after all, why shouldn't we?—that's what life is, isn't it? So here goes for the three-piece chaise longue, which consists of an armchair, a bench or ottoman, and a slipper chair. Separately they are three very nice pieces of furniture; together, a comfortable and good-looking chaise longue. You can have them covered to order in glazed chintz, cretonne or quilting to correspond with your color scheme. If you're interested, we'll tell you where to write for samples of material.

Another useful piece of furniture—modernistic this time, is—or rather, are, because you probably need two of them—the bookcases which serve as ends for a box spring couch. They provide table surface and space for magazines, books or whatever playthings you may elect to keep at your bedside and are made of unfinished birch—or can be finished to order. In ordering them, in case you want only one, you have to specify whether right or left end.

THERE IS a new humidor lighter which, when you press down a lever at the side, presents you with an automatically lighted cigarette. By using this the confirmed cigarette smoker can increase his consumption approximately ten per cent. Some ingenious fellow will no doubt soon come forward with a contraption which also smokes the cigarette for you, disposes of the ashes and airs out the room. But personally, when machines begin to have our fun for us as well as do our work, we want to be translated to some higher sphere.

THE ONE-PIECE hammer looks like a good tool to us, because when you're driving a nail to hang a picture, the head can't fly off and smash the cut-glass vase Cousin Amy gave you for Christmas. Head and shaft are cast in one piece of steel, and the handle is covered with leather. But why doesn't some one invent a hammer for amateur nail drivers which will be guaranteed not to smash your thumbs? We've seen one, it's true, which has a sort of partial guarantee. Instead of holding the nail in your fingers, you put it in a slot in the hammer head and thus start it with the first blow. Then you disengage the head from the nail and continue driving.

While we're on the subject of tools we might mention the combination slide rule and pencil, which is merely an octagonal mechanical pencil, marked off, and slit so that the two parts slide back and forth on each other.

Speaking of Books

(*Continued from Page 549*)

Lafayette and Three Revolutions. By JOHN S. PENMAN-STRATFORD. $5.00.
THIS IS not a biography but a portrait of Lafayette in relation to the American Revolution and the French Revolutions of 1789 and 1830. It is intelligently written and well documented.

MIASMA. By ELIZABETH SANXAY HOLDING: Dutton. $2.00.
THIS IS a grewsome story concerning the less comforting aspects of medicine. Written by a competent novelist it is more convincing than the usual thriller.

The Other Side of Main Street. By WILDER BUELL: Longmans, Green.
THIS IS a sincere and sound chronicle of small-town life, rich in local color, intelligent sympathy, humor and honest sentiment. The story moves briskly and the characterizations are good.

Earth Born. By HOWARD SNYDER: Century. $2.00.
THIS IS a story of negro plantation life. Full of wild living, wild humor and wild religion, it fits the familiar conception of the negro in his accustomed habitat.

Lure of the Dust. By HARDING FORRESTER: Century. $2.50.
MYSTERY, exciting adventure and a plausible love-story, on shipboard and in Africa, and plenty of good laughter make this a readable yarn.

The Bride Adorned. By D. L. MURRAY: Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
THIS IS a first-rate historical novel. The scene is Rome in 1870. The love story is properly complicated but comes out all right, and the political intrigue is thrilling.

Her Serene Highness. By COLIN BROOKS: Sears. $2.00.
IN THIS LIVELY TALE of revolution, plot and counter-plot in an imaginary duchy, a tempestuous princess and a handsome Englishman provide the love-interest.

Sheila Both-Ways. By JOANNA CANNAN: Stokes. $2.00.
THIS NOVEL of modern marriage is sincere and thoughtful but not especially original.

Easily Persuaded. By ELIZABETH DEANE: Liveright. $2.00.
HERE IS another tale of one of those young ladies who, despite a breathless and unseemly career, remained "a virgin at heart."

(*Please Turn to Page 556*)

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Victory!

HE WAS made almost in the image of man but he lived in an animal store. Not in a jungle where all the trees were his, where he could climb those leafy sky-scrapers, stretch his hand out toward the blue and pull down the sun to suck for his orange. Not even in a zoo. He lived in an animal store; where creatures covered with fur, feathers or scales were bought and sold over the counter like so many bags of peanuts.

Not that he cared about that. He could even sit back with a faint sensation of bitter pleasure and see the things squawking and floundering, carried to the street and out of his sight.

But at least there was an Other. He had a companion who was better than nothing, but not much better. Living stuff perhaps that he could mold. Some day—who could tell? His words might touch a secret spring of action, that would galvanize the creature almost into an equal.

"Do you realize," he began in a low voice one quiet Sunday afternoon, "that according to the sign over the door—and I know there is a sign over the door because I have heard many a good customer quote it—you and I are written up as no better than protoplasm? Where I come from—and I often wonder if the spot is there without me!—where I come from I was as good as man. Better for that matter. Man has no tail. I daresay you used to feel the same way about it." He turned his head interrogatively.

"Never thought about it," mumbled the Other. "Never heard of man."

Incredible! But there was no one else to observe or listen. "Where I come from," he continued presently, "the world is a miracle. A miracle"—he leaned forward and snapped his fingers directly under the Other's nose—"performed for my benefit only. The law in that country is made for safeguarding me. Flowers there are grown to give me delight. Birds and fish—" He stopped suddenly as though waking to a nightmare. "Birds and fish," he repeated in a harsh, tense voice and glared about the shop. "Toys made for my pleasure," he rasped out, "and what have I become?" He rose to his full stature on the swinging perch and rested a hand upon the ceiling above his head. "When gods are dethroned," he shouted hoarsely, "what then? What then?"

The voice of the orator rose like a siren. "Destruction!" he screeched. "Here we are less than animal! Helpless, ugly and ignored. Down with Law! Down with Man!"

With the words, the peace of Sunday afternoon was suddenly shattered in the animal store. Parrots forgot their lackadaisical complaints. The tiny throats of canaries turned dry from terror. Macaws stepped nervously from foot to foot! Turtles clambered up their tanks to see overboard.

For, terrorized, the parakeet had dashed wildly to the plate-glass window and tapped frantically with her beak.

"Help! Help!" screamed the parakeet beating her wings. "Murder—anarchy—destruction!"

The orator jerked his head suddenly and beheld his victory. From the shelf below him stared up the frenzied, adoring face of the Other. At last he had touched the spring!

"Destroy!" chanted the Other in ecstasy. And with the crouch and leap of sudden maniacal fury he hurled himself into the window and wrung the parakeet's neck.

The rest was the work of a few seconds—a blood orgy from the jungle. Cages were flung open and inmates torn to ribbons. Tanks were overturned—goldfish trampled on the floor—turtles hurled about like batter cakes, parrots had the King's English murdered in their throats. There was no stopping these two fiends made in the image of Man.

No stopping them until two creatures made in the image of God, adorned with blue and brass buttons paused horrified outside the window; dashed and broke down the door.

THE ORATOR submitted quietly. What he had done he had done. He would stand by it. But even as he surrendered he looked in horror and admiration to the highest shelf. For there his wild-eyed follower pushed on alone, defying the gods—hurling his porcelain thunder-bolts from the narrow ceiling—screaming out oaths and chattering defiance. No man could quiet him now; nor monkey lead him any further.

Even as the orator stared, his follower spied a celluloid parrot, struggled desperately to pull real tail feathers from mere paint and collapsed in the grasp of his captors. The hour of defiance was over. The world was ruined. He had proved his power.

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Speaking of Books

(*Continued from Page 554*)

Summer Fruit. By DORNFORD YATES: Minton, Balch. $2.50.
A GOOD LOVE-STORY with the complications of the hero's poverty and loss of memory. It is more ambitious than the author's previous books but enlivened by equally amusing and likeable characters.

Daughter of Earth. By AGNES SMEDLEY: Coward-McCann.
SUFFERING, bitterness and frustration are the keynotes of this book. After a miserable childhood the unhappy protagonist finds some comfort in work with New York and Indian radicals. She is deceived, seduced, jailed, released, married and forced by political considerations to leave her husband. The book is well written, but such resolute and articulate misery seems studied.

They Still Fall in Love. By JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS: Scribner.
THIS BOOK will convince almost any one that the element of suspense is not essential to the enjoyment of a novel. Mr. Williams, with an extremely thin plot, has written a perfectly obvious and perfectly delightful story.

The Gambler. By AYLWIN MARTIN: Crowell. Published March 15.
THIS IS a story of Old New Orleans, the gamblers of the Mississippi river boats, slaves, roustabouts and planters. It is highly romantic.

The Lost Art. Edited by DOROTHY VAN DORAN: Coward-McCann. $3.00.
THIS IS an excellent collection compiled from the letters of seven famous women. Mrs. Van Doren introduces the letters by biographical sketches as incisive as they are brief. The self-painted portraits of Lady Mary Montagu, Mary Wollstonecraft, Jane Carlyle and others are infinitely revealing. And the letters models of a gone but not forgotten art.

Peter Good For Nothing. By DARRACH ALDRICH: Macmillan. $2.00.
A STORY of the Minnesota lumber camps, full of action, with a sturdy love story and the mysterious enmity between the French Canadian hero and the lumber king's nephew to provide suspense.

What is Wrong with American Marriage. By HAMILTON AND MACGOWAN: A. and C. Boni.
THE TITLE is deceiving for the book deals only with some of the things. Like all specialists, the authors diagnose the illness of modern marriage from a limited point of view. Looking for sex difficulties, they find them, good and plenty.

Adventure Calls. By KATHERINE WOOLLEY: Minton, Balch. $2.00.
ADVENTURE, mystery, love in the tale of an English girl mixed up in an Arab uprising.

An Elizabethan Journal. By G. B. HARRISON: Cosmopolitan. $5.00.
IN THIS BOOK the author with admirable background of research and scholarship makes, from original sources, such a journal as might have been kept by an alert and intelligent observer in England from 1591 to 1594. Lovers of the period will enjoy it. History teachers should know it.

The Outpost of the Lost. By GENERAL DAVID L. BRAINARD: Bobbs-Merrill.
THE RECORD of the Greeley Expedition of 1881 is one of the greatest stories of Polar Adventure. It is here published in book form.

In the Service of Youth. By JOHN B. OPDIKE: Isaac Pitman and Sons. $3.50.
THIS BOOK, which is a discussion of methods of teaching English in Junior and Senior High Schools, is extremely interesting and should be useful. The author is a follower of what we may be permitted to describe as the romantic school of education whose leading exponent is John Dewey. But he is too intelligent to be unaware of the distortions which appear in a profession like teaching where so much hangs upon the personality and the wisdom of the individual. His first chapter on the teacher and his job is particularly valuable.

Deep Song. By IRVING BROWN: Harper. $3.50.
THIS IS another book about gypsies whose wanderings in many lands the author has shared. It is interesting especially because it gives a great many unfamiliar gypsy songs and poems, and a few pages of gypsy music. Lovers of folk-music will enjoy it.

Let Tomorrow Come. By A. J. BARR: Norton. $2.50.
THIS IS a startlingly vivid and altogether horrible story—autobiographical, probably—of prison.

Falmouth for Orders. By A. J. VILLIERS: Holt. $3.50.
THE STORY of the last clipper ship race around the Horn told by a seaman who was in the crew of one of the competitors. It is fine sea-stuff, well illustrated.

A Bookman's Day-book. By BURTON RASCOE: *Liveright.* $3.00.
HERE THE PAPERS written when Mr. Rascoe was literary editor of the "Herald Tribune" have been edited by C. Hartley Grattan who has also written an introduction. The day book is a diary, chapbook, literary gossip sheet, and history of books in New York for the period it covers, full of information and gusto.

The Hermit Thrush. By KATHLEEN MILLAY: Liveright. $2.00.
MUCH of Miss Millay's verse has the epigrammatic quality of her famous sister's. There is bitterness, beauty, facility, and delicacy in these poems, and they show a considerable lyric gift.

Images in Jade. By ARTHUR CHRISTY: Dutton. $3.50.
THESE TRANSLATIONS from classic and modern poetry prefaced by an interesting note on the methods of the Chinese poet and biographical notices of the poets represented, are lovely. The modern poetry is less moving than the classic.

Experience and Nature. By JOHN DEWEY: Norton. $3.00.
A NEW EDITION with a new first chapter and minor changes throughout the text.

Forthcoming Books

The Heart's Journey. By SIEGFRIED SASSOON: Harper. April 4.

If I Could Preach Just Once. ANONYMOUS: Harper. April 4.

Belinda. By HILAIRE BELLOC: Harper. April 4.

Far Wandering Men. By JOHN RUSSELL: Norton. April 5.

They Were So Young. By ACHMED ABDULLAH. Payson & Clarke. April 6.

Swords and Roses. By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER: Knopf. April 5.

The Furnace. By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG AND WILLIAM ARMSTRONG: Knopf. April 5.

Jehovah's Day. By MARY BORDEN: Doubleday, Doran. April 5.

Storm House. By KATHLEEN NORRIS: Doubleday, Doran. April 5.

Rabelais. By ANATOLE FRANCE: Holt. April 8.

Modern Girl. By W. B. TRITES: Stokes. April 8.

Henry the Eighth. By FRANCIS HACKETT: Liveright. April 10.

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

The Aresbys' The Mark of the Dead Ives Washburn

Parrish Darby came out to Honolulu for a rest. Will you be surprised to learn that he didn't get it? He came to visit his friend Collins, who was living with a certain Dr. Richards and his daughter in a ghost-ridden house on Waimea Bay. And such goings on as there were in that house! Secretive looks, mysterious warnings, screams in the night, and then the finding of Dr. Richards with his throat cut. And nobody could be got to tell the truth about anything—in spite of which Darby got to the bottom of the mystery after several narrow escapes, including a midnight encounter with a horrible being who lived up in the canyon. Very eerie and horrible. We liked it.

Edward G. Reinhard's The Witchery of Wasps Century

In spite of its title this is a delightful book, dealing with the habits and instincts of the solitary wasps—which, we learned to our surprise, do not like the social wasps take delight in stinging humans. We had supposed in our ignorance that all wasps were equally ill tempered in that respect. Mr. Reinhard writes in the manner of Fabre, who has done so much to popularize knowledge of the insects, and if his approach to them is a trifle anthropomorphic, it is, to us at least, all the more interesting. We learned, too, a number of unusual things—such as the proper way to catch crickets. You tie a fly on the end of a hair and let it down a cricket's hole. The cricket grabs the fly, and you draw them out together.

George Granby's The Secret of Musterton House Dutton

Well, we guess that you'd have been surprised, too, if you'd gone upstairs to wake up your overnight guest and had found him gone, and his bed occupied by a perfect stranger—and dead, at that. No wonder Colonel Litchet was upset. Who the dead man was doesn't begin to appear until after Inspector Collon gets on the job. We rather like this detective, probably because he does some of his thinking and deducing off stage. We're getting tired of these personally conducted tours through the brains of fiction detectives—there's a sameness about the scenery, and a bareness about it that depresses us. But with Inspector Collon, we don't know whether he did any thinking or not—but he solved the mystery.

The Answer to a Question From Our Readers

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Third Degree

(*Continued from Page 526*)

been applied, sends out a hurry call for the photographer. Such is the majesty of the law.

What sort of reform would be practical? I am not a lawyer; I don't know. There would seem to be one sure solution, of course—to compel all police officials to uphold the laws they have sworn to enforce. By far the simplest way, and one that is immediately available, would be to modify the criminal code, parts of which haven't been changed in half a century.

The extraordinary protection afforded the defendant in court is hardly conducive to a tolerant attitude on the part of the police. A clever lawyer can slip the dumbest criminal through most of the legal hoops that the people can devise. For one thing, the defendant, who is the best judge of his innocence, cannot be made to testify. It is largely for this single reason that suspects, instead of being brought directly before a Magistrate, often spend twenty-four hours in transit between headquarters and the District Attorney's office.

Would it not be wise to have the law so changed that a defendant, unless he testifies when arraigned before a Magistrate, shall be deprived of that privilege when tried later? Thus can his story, when it is freshest in his mind, be placed on official record. It will at once protect the innocent, but stupid man who might be tripped up by clever cross-examination; it will also tend to diminish the malicious practice of building up a false alibi before trial.

Or else amend the law so as to privilege the District Attorney, in summing up, to emphasize to the jury that the man did not take the stand in his own defense. As the law now stands, the jury can draw no inference from his reluctance to do so. If these and other related reforms could be achieved, competent authorities are agreed, the "third degree" would die a natural death. And at any rate, the National Crime Commission is about to take up the whole matter within the near future, and once it is dragged out into the open the day of its interment should be hastened.

Men and Medicine

(*Continued from Page 546*)

was of little importance. The salvation of the soul was believed to be jeopardized by the body through so-called "sins of the flesh." The aim of the Christian Church for many centuries was the subordination of the body and perfection of the spirit. Physical health was despised, while disease and other "mortifications of the flesh" were considered to be means of purifying the soul. Like all earthly calamities, disease was the will of God. It was supernatural and its cure was to be effected by the exorcism of some evil spirit or by miracle. The whole responsibility for man's physical state was again placed upon the Deity and men were instructed to accept their lot in resignation. The Middle Ages, which some modern writers profess to admire, were in reality times of low civilization: the proof of this fact is that medicine reverted to its primitive state.

If the young man with tuberculosis whose treatment at the hands of Hippocrates and of Galen has been already described, had sought treatment during the early Middle Ages, he would not have been told to rest in the sunshine or even to take medicine. He would have been told to fast, pray, repent of his sins and prepare to die—and he would have died.

The scientific spirit of the Greeks was not, however, entirely dead; from the Eighth to the Eleventh Century the Arabs advanced in civilization, and, as seems always the case in an advancing civilization, they adopted rational medicine. They became interested particularly in the medicine of the Greeks and Romans and translated the manuscripts of Galen into Arabic. Within two centuries Arabic medicine had developed to a high level. Something of the Greek fervor for fact and truth is found in the writings of the Arabic physicians, Rhazes and Avicenna, but the Arabs did not attain to the principles of Hippocrates. They stopped with the theories of Galen. Like the Greeks, they made no dissections of the body. Arabic medicine was brought back to western Europe by crusaders returning from Palestine in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries. Europe thus obtained a garbled version of the theories of Galen. These theories were accepted and adhered to with religious veneration, for all knowledge then rested on authority. New facts were, therefore, not sought and any new observation was rejected.

Revival of the principles of Hippocrates began in the Sixteenth Century during the renaissance of European civilization. At first the efforts were without definite aim; an occasional independent thinker revolted against the ancient authorities and made observations for himself. The keynote of this revolt was struck by Paracelsus, but speculation and obscurantism had so blinded men's eyes that he fell into the same errors that he abused. He was a physician who sought after the truth, but he lived at a time when to stray from the beaten path of authorized knowledge was heresy for which the innovator might be burned at the stake. Nevertheless, he struck out boldly for the right to observe facts for himself and for the right of individual judgment.

Out of this new-found independence of thought came the revival of the scientific spirit, the search for facts and careful observation. Vesalius was the leader of this movement in the Sixteenth Century. He made the first systematic dissection of the human body and published drawings of great accuracy. The works of Hippocrates were translated for the first time. The ligature was reintroduced into surgery and podalic version into midwifery by Paré. A book of instructions for midwives was published, the first book of its kind in thirteen centuries.

In the Seventeenth Century the revival of the scientific spirit was so extended by a few able men that experiments were used to prove facts and their relations. The chief advancement of this period was the demonstration of the circulation of the blood by Harvey, but even this genius for experiment had difficulty in overcoming the persistent belief of the time in the theories of Galen.

By the beginning of the Eighteenth Century physicians had obtained a knowledge of the general structure of the body and of the action of some of the principal organs. Certain remedies had been discovered by chance, notably quinine for malaria and mercury for syphilis. Medicine, however, had not yet emerged from obscurantism. There was no real knowledge of what disease is or how it is caused. Instead of returning to the simple methods of Hippocrates and making careful observations, most of the physicians still preferred to speculate on the cause of disease and to treat their patients according to theories evolved from their speculations.

In the beginning of the Eighteenth Century a physician named Morgagni revived in full the Hippocratic principles. Just as Hippocrates by careful observation and reasoning had been able to differentiate the external appearances of the diseases, so Morgagni by careful observation and reasoning was able to show the changes in the internal organs of the body. Hippocrates recognized that tuberculosis and pneumonia were different diseases because a different association of symptoms oc-

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Men and Medicine

(Continued from Page 558)

curred, but he knew these diseases only through their symptoms. Morgagni, on the other hand, demonstrated the nature of the damage to the body which was the disease itself and which gave rise to the symptoms.

He observed and recorded the symptoms of his patients during illness and then made post-mortem examinations to find the derangements in the organs which had occasioned the symptoms. He thus showed that a certain pathological state results in certain symptoms. He was then able by merely observing the symptoms to visualize the derangement inside the body and to estimate its extent. The principle established is the basis of all clinical medicine. In the Eighteenth Century modern medicine was beginning to take shape under the revival of the scientific spirit. Morgagni's work was the first general advance; soon afterward came one of the greatest single discoveries—vaccination against smallpox.

During the first four decades of the Nineteenth Century scientific facts were accumulated, methods were developed and the spirit of investigation and observation widely extended. The greatest benefits that medical science has given to mankind have come within the lifetime of men still living.

The first of these benefits was anesthesia, which made surgical operations painless. It was one of the most humane discoveries of mankind. Next, in 1847, the greatest hazard of childbirth was brought under control. Semmelweiss, after years of painstaking observation demonstrated the contagious nature of puerperal fever. The number of mothers saved and the amount of invalidism prevented since that time reaches an enormous total. Soon afterward the teaching of nurses began; it has given us the modern trained nurse.

In 1867 the antiseptic principle was introduced into surgery. Modern surgery thus started with the work of Lister. His results were obtained by observation and reason; he perceived that simple fractures of bones healed without the formation of pus, whereas in all other wounds pus was regularly present. He then reasoned that since the only difference between the injuries was that one was exposed to the air and the other not, something from the air caused the formation of pus. Pasteur at about this time had demonstrated that putrefaction in wine resulted from contamination with bacteria from the air. Lister concluded that infection in wounds was analagous to putrefaction in wine, and he applied to the wounds substances—antiseptics—to destroy the infection. Later it was recognized that the infection came not from the air, but from the dirty hands and instruments of the surgeon, and antiseptic surgery was largely replaced by aseptic surgery.

A few years after Lister's work the bacterial cause of infectious diseases was established. Pasteur, by the painstaking application of principles of science, laid the foundation for the preventive medicine and sanitation which are now part of civilization and which, if developed to the fullest extent, will result in the eventual eradication of all infectious diseases.

The medical sicences are today giving the world the healthiest period it has ever known, but they are not yet mature. What has already been accomplished in scientific medicine is small in comparison with future possibilities of preventing disease, alleviating suffering, and prolonging human life. But there is no assurance that these possibilities will ever be realized. In this matter man literally controls his own destiny.

Medicine and civilization advance and regress together. The conditions essential to advance are intellectual courage and a true love for humanity. It is as true today as always in the past that further advance or even the holding of what has already been won depends upon the extent to which intellectual courage and humanity prevail against bigotry and obscurantism.

To be Seen and Heard

(Continued from Page 533)

friends by demonstrations of the free and easy relationship existing between my daughter and me. Yet I believe that impertinence and comradeship are more to be desired than outward respect and inner alienation.

This age, with all its faults, seems to me to be redeemed by its lack of cocksureness. Having lost many of our convictions, we are playing with new ideas, and we are willing to let our children perform their own experiments. Excess naturally will follow. Are not excesses, however, preferable to fear and repressions? A freedom, therefore expressing itself in activities, physical, mental and spiritual, gives to our Wilsonian daughters advantages denied us of the Harrisonian era.

A Catholic and His Church

(Continued from Page 530)

to be logical; because I believe that all history substantiates its claims, in spite of the ignorance, vagaries or vices of individual Catholics. I am a convinced Catholic because to an open-minded person there is no discrepancy whatever between the teaching of the Catholic Church and the positive achievements of modern science—no matter what any individual Catholic may (or may not) have said in the past about scientific theories or discoveries. It seems to me that the principles of the Church are simple, logical and self-evident and that those things which many excellent and exemplary people do not like in us can be shown to proceed, not all from Church teaching, but many from individual and group characteristics.

One might dislike most heartily incivility, arrogance, worldly ambition, or misconduct in clergymen without being in the least at variance with Church teaching—on the contrary. One may be an ardent supporter of the pope (as I am) without losing sight of the fact that one prefers politically the theory and practice of republican institutions and democracy to monarchial institutions. One may accept the monarchial form which the Catholic Church has assumed in its administration and reconcile it completely with personal preference for a republican civil government. One may exercise fully and completely one's personal predilections within that communion outside of the field of faith and morals. One hears sometimes of the "crucifixion of the Catholic mind." Perhaps that may be so for some minds. I lay no claim to intellectuality; I like horses, though I also like books. I can only say that my mind has never been "crucified" by Catholicism. To me it is often the individual Catholic who is troublesome and generally for the same reasons that any other kind of individual is a bore in the ordinary current of life—not more than that.

I feel that I can be an orthodox Catholic without inquisitioning my Protestant friends. I have a strong feeling that the pope feels the same way about it all. And I feel very strongly that as long as I am not less orthodox than the pope I am on reasonably safe ground with regard to our domestic firebrands.

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